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Editor's Introduction

Stephen C. Brennan

My first distinct memory of Neda Westlake is of a hovering presence and a voice announcing firmly, "No pens in the reading room, Mr. Brennan." In the summer of 1977, I was writing a dissertation at Tulane on *Sister Carrie* and had come up for a look at the typescript. After a restless night at the Divine Tracy Hotel (what a contrast with uptown New Orleans!) I had walked the two blocks to the Van Pelt Library munching a bagel, my first I think, gawking at the traffic and the hordes of besuited men and women striding purposefully every which way. The sixth floor of the Van Pelt was intimidating. That wood-paneled foyer, with its locked glass cases filled with old leather-bound volumes, the reading room itself sealed in thick glass, the process of buzzing for entrance, signing in, stowing bags, and filling out forms to get materials—all these things tended to overawe a young would-be scholar reared in El Paso. But there I was, finally, handling the very pages the Great Author had handled the better part of a century before. I had hardly settled in with the typescript at one of the big tables in the reading room—razor-tipped felt pen and legal pad at the ready—when the Curator herself suddenly appeared to defend her precious charge.

Though I naturally felt like Country Jonathan, I couldn't feel that way long. Dr. Westlake patiently explained the rules of the Rare Book Room, with a humorous twitch at the corners of her mouth, and soon had me back at work with a supply of confidence and sharp pencils. During the two weeks I spent at Penn that summer, she was unfailingly helpful and encouraging. When I asked to see the almost complete run of *Ev'ry Month*, she transferred it downstairs to the reserve room so I could work in the evenings after the reading room closed. When I suggested that some handwritten passages in the typescript might be Jug's rather than Dreiser's or Arthur Henry's, she quickly supplied photocopies of Jug's handwriting and helped me in the comparisons. Later, when I had written up some of my findings, she offered the wise

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photo courtesy of Thomas P. Riggio

Neda Westlake

counsel that led to one of my earliest publications on Dreiser. My career would lead away from Dreiser for some years, and by the time I began regular visits to the Dreiser Collection, she had retired. But largely because of her kindness, humor, and intelligence, every time I go back it feels like coming home.

My experience is hardly unique. In her 35 years overseeing the Dreiser Collection as Curator of Rare Books at Penn, Neda Westlake assisted and befriended generations of Dreiserians. She was also contributing editor of *The Dreiser Newsletter*, now *Dreiser Studies*, from its founding in 1970 until 1992. So the idea of an issue dedicated to her seemed absolutely right when Donald Pizer suggested it to me over a glass of wine one glorious evening on Mission Bay during the 1998 ALA Convention. I had just been elected to succeed Clare Eby as

co-editor, but would not begin my duties for another year. I felt no sense of urgency. Then in November 1998 I checked my e-mail to find a letter headed "Westlake Obituary." "We toil so much," Dreiser writes at the end of *Twelve Men*, "we dream so richly, we hasten so fast, and, lo! the green door is opened. We are through it . . . even as, breathlessly, we are still running." And so a way of letting a colleague know how much she is appreciated has, sadly, become a tribute to her memory.

In the following pages, scholars who knew Dr. Westlake longer and more intimately than I tell of what she meant to them personally and professionally. Philip Gerber takes us back to the Neda Westlake who contributed so much to the Dreiser renaissance of the 1960s but frames his account with a portrait of a still-vital woman in retirement in her last years. Reminiscences by Richard Lehan, Donald Pizer, and James L. W. West III constitute an evolving portrait from the late 1960s to the 1980s, when she was General Editor of the ongoing Pennsylvania Dreiser Edition.

By all accounts, Dr. Westlake wanted scholars to *use* the collection. Following the reminiscences of Gerber and the others are three contributions that make practical use of Dreiser's manuscripts. Besides sharing his own memories of a friend, Thomas P. Riggio introduces and presents the text of a previously unpublished short story, "No Sale," that illustrates the ways Dreiser transformed fact into fiction. Renate von Bardeleben studies the diaries Dreiser kept during his 1912 European journey and reveals the artistry of his "diaristic mode." Finally, in an essay accepted for publication before I became editor, I draw upon manuscript fragments of *The Titan*, as well as the story's holograph, to support a close reading of "The Second Choice." When she was asked in 1972 whether the Dreiser collection had been "mined out" by the previous "rich decade in Dreiser scholarship," Dr. Westlake asserted that there "are always new approaches and new discoveries" and that the collection would keep us all "busy for years to come" (9). She would, I think, be pleased to know she was right.

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Stopping By at Neda's

Philip Gerber
SUNY, Brockport

This was a few years back—longer than I like to think. Gene and I were "in the neighborhood" while I was a visiting professor in Newark. University of Delaware. We'd just heard that Neda Westlake had carried out her threat to retire, and so we telephoned over to Blue Bell.

"Come over and see me here at Normandy Farm Estates!" said Neda. "It's not so far. Check your map."

So we did. And off we went, on a dry, warm, golden-leafed Tuesday in October.

Blue highways led us northward on narrow roads winding through farm territory, ripe fields intermixed with rural estates. We passed a black carriage, horse drawn, hooves clopping on the blacktop. Amish country. About an hour's drive all told. The road took us to a local Mobil Station whose operator steered us in the right direction out of Blue Bell. Our minds coincided with a single thought: what a grand location! The Alleghenies were all hills here, not yet mountains. Plenty of summer green still showed. But here and there a maple or oak was turning color. A pile of scarlet sumac reddened a highway slope.

Normandy Farm Estates turned out to be a series of buildings, long and low, lots of fresh red brick and most units connected by covered passageways. Great convenience for winter, I thought. The whole place seemed brand new. And more construction coming.

Neda was at Reception, come up to meet us. "It's better

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this way," she said. "Too involved finding your way back to my building on your own. Too many twists and turns. You might get lost"—she squeezed my hand—"and I don't intend to lose you. *Either* of you." She greeted Gene as if they were old friends. And of course they were, in a manner of speaking, though their contacts had always been via telephone lines. It pleased us that Neda thought of us as a unit. We were "Dreiser people." That was I. D. enough. We "belonged."

Neda seemed unchanged. But why should I expect anything different? Hadn't I seen her just a year ago when the Board of the Dreiser Edition had gotten together in Philadelphia? In recent years she'd become just a wee bit portly—but so had I! Telltale lines creased her face—the same with mine! Right now a huge smile dominated her features. With her hair swept back in its fashionable roll, Neda looked stylish as ever. She did have a whole lot of style. One classy gal.

Long passageways meandering between residential buildings—all glassed—led the eye toward wooded green hills. A very pleasant backdrop. The corporation had chosen an ideal setting, for sure. Out in the country it was, yet not so far isolated from Blue Bell as to seem scary. Privacy. The whole area reeked of it, in the best sense of the word—privacy and quiet. A reassuring atmosphere of peace.

We passed a large room. Bookshelves lined the walls, mostly empty. Neda beckoned us to follow her. "Our community library." Here and there a cluster of hardbound volumes stacked on end or laid on side. A few leather bindings, richly old. "I expect to put in a good share of my time here. The collection does need plenty of work to get it off the ground."

I was getting an eyeful! A raft of popular biographies: Nixon, Eisenhower, Truman—a heap of Kennedys. World War II tomes galore. Politics stood cheek by jowl with social comment and celebrity gossip. Kitty Kelley was big. Last season's Romance blockbusters in slick, gaudy covers. Hemingway here and there. Sinclair Lewis. Steinbeck. *The Robe. Silent Spring. Your Income Tax.*

"You seem to be off to a healthy start." I looked in vain for a shelf of Dreisers. Nothing to be seen. But a copy of Mencken's *American Language* caught my eye, and I thought:

where one is, the other must be.

"Most of what we have right now is contributions, you realize that," Neda explained. Then she added, brightly, but with the suggestion of a sigh: "The Van Pelt Rare Book Room it's *not*."

—Because that was where I'd first met Neda. In Philadelphia. Special Collections. The Charles Patterson Van Pelt Library. The name had such a distinctly aristocratic sound to it. Off putting, to a point.

That was the summer of 1962. I was at work, under pressure by Sylvia Bowman at Twayne, on what was rapidly becoming my *Theodore Dreiser*. I knew nothing at all about the Van Pelt Library, but even in the far-off mountain fastness of Utah one heard rumors that a "Dreiser Collection" worthy of the name had come into being. I hoped to investigate that rumor before summer faded. Especially since I was leaving the U of Utah and going into the English Chair at Cal Poly in San Luis Obispo. United Vans had already pencilled in a date for hauling our stuff across the mountains to California. Something told me that I was going to have to fight for private time out there, if *Dreiser* were ever to be completed. I was right—but that's another story.

An inquiry mailed to Philadelphia prompted an immediate reply, signed "Neda M. Westlake, Librarian, Rare Book Collection." Mrs. Westlake welcomed me. Urged me to come East, in fact. Said I should consider staying at the Penn Sherwood, three blocks from Van Pelt. "Not a glamour hotel," as she put it in her frank note. But a pleasant and *air-conditioned* place—did I know much about Philadelphia summers? The food there was "generally quite good," she thought.

No, I knew nothing about those Philadelphia summers, which were not anything at all, it turned out, like the dry heat of Salt Lake City. I flew on 29 July and soon had reason to be immensely grateful for the recommendation.

The Dreiser Collection was a revelation. No other word for it. My very first experience with a "major author" collection. Then—as now—you went by elevator to the top floor of Van

Pelt and from that expansive foyer, all polished wood and glass display cases and Oriental rugs, as it seemed to me, you entered Rare Books by buzzing an attendant who sat at a polished desk inside a glass door. Minimal identification got you buzzed inside (the day of photo I.D. lay far in the future). The reading room was commodious. Wood paneled all around. Stuffed with broad library tables, their surfaces gleaming dark with varnish. Leather-bound books in glassed shelves lined all but the window wall. Beside an end window hung a big oil portrait of Walt Whitman done during his old age in Camden. It was labeled as being by Thomas Eakins. Thomas Eakins! The great American realist! Could it be an original? I went into a daze—a Thomas Eakins original hanging on a library wall! I moseyed around, getting an eyeful while I waited for "Mrs. Westlake."

Before I knew it, I found myself being led to Neda's office. A private haven, clearly. Well out of sight. Back near the stacks, where the real business was conducted. A huge Fabri canvas in pastel oils high on a wall in open storage displayed Helen Dreiser in diaphanous chiffon aboard a chaise, with her lean white wolfhounds for elegant company. *Snooty* was the word that crossed my mind. A "socialite." Regal—was that the word? There seemed something inescapably . . . *plastic* about her. But not about "Mrs. Westlake," not at all. She turned out to be a real stunner and beamed with friendly vibes. Blonde. Thick hair piled in a stylish bun. A summery yellow-buff suit complemented her tan—I wondered what beach she was spending her weekends on. Very high heels, not stilettos but next-door, certainly. Heavy gold bracelets weighted one bare wrist. She should be holding a Chesterfield, I thought, *in an ad;* those tapered fingers (red-tipped) should be tap-tapping long grey ashes into a crystal tray. But . . . *in a library?*

I forced myself back to reality. I do recall hoping that when I turned forty I might look so good. I didn't know then that Neda was on the cusp of fifty. She seemed agelessly youthful, so all-in-charge, and clearly loving her job. We chatted. Exchanged pleasantries. She extracted from me what she needed to know, of my background, my career, my hopes. I mentioned the lively Dreiser seminar I'd taken with Alex Kern at Iowa; my stint teaching in the Rio Grande Valley, 80% of my students

"Latin," not a few of them children of wetbacks; my marriage to Gene and learning from her parents historical lacunae concerning Czar Nicholas, St. Petersburg, and The Revolution; our move to the Intermountain West; our family. She nodded. Yes, yes.

Now, what was it I was burning to see? She smiled. Manuscripts? Printed volumes? Letters? Photographs? What about clipping files? Diaries?

"We have practically every piece of paper that Dreiser ever fingered," she assured me. "Scrapbooks if you please."

"Well . . . I've had to be doing a lot with *The Financier* this summer."

"Then I think I know where you might want to begin." She buzzed her assistant. "Will you see that Professor Gerber gets the case file on *The Financier?"*

Back in the reading room, I was brought a thick black binder. Loads of typed lists of holdings on the Trilogy of Desire, all coded for fast retrieval from storage. Not merely *The Financier*, but *The Titan*, too, and *The Stoic*, novels I'd soon need to be writing about. Boxes and boxes, pages of them, referencing manuscripts, holographs, typescripts, proof sheets, every one labeled and numbered. I had only to state my wishes. I felt somehow that I'd been passed the golden key to Aladdin's Cave.

"I think I'll need to study this for a bit."

"Let me know when you're ready to order," the desk-boy said. "Let me leave these pencils—we don't allow pens in here, you know."

I was stationed at a polished table big enough to set dinner for an Iowa farm family. Soon a pile of black storage boxes full of manuscript had been wheeled out and I was digging in.

I'd noticed, over in the corner, under the Whitman portrait, a researcher hard at work. Slim. Bespectacled. Brown hair, beginning to gray, clipped as short as it could be and still lie against his skull a flat pelt, not a stand-up crew. Now that's a real "concentrator," I thought.

The quiet researcher never glanced up. His practiced fingers rummaged through the mountain of papers strewn before him, lifting the lid from one black box after another, peeking in.

Once in a while stopping to mull something over, to reach for a sharpened pencil and jot some rapid notes on a yellow-lined pad.

During a break, I encountered Mrs. Westlake on the carpet in the foyer. "Who's that energetic fellow in the far corner," I asked.

"Oh, that's Mr. Swanberg," said Neda. It was clear to me I'd exposed my ignorance: *who he?* Neda seeing that I was totally nonplussed, came to my rescue. "He's working on his big Dreiser biography, for Scribner's." She added, *sotto voce:* "Very Important Book."

I was impressed. Extremely. Not to say, taken up short. Robert Elias's *Apostle of Nature* had seemed such a truly fine biography. And he'd worked directly with Dreiser himself. I recalled Alex Kern's enthusiasm for Elias's book and wondered aloud what more there possibly could be to report about the novelist.

"Bob Elias really only scratched the surface," Neda said. Not at all dismissively—more matter of fact. "Don't get me wrong—it's a really fine book. But we have enough data packed away here to keep a dozen Mr. Swanbergs busy. Oh, there will be volumes and volumes, I'm sure of that."

I never felt more the greenhorn. Far too much so even to dream of intruding on the steady work-pace of the industrious Mr. Swanberg. He labored away, silently, intently, never seeming to go for a drink, use the restroom, step outside to the sandwich trucks for a lunch break. Others came, did their business, and left. Swanberg remained, oblivious. Such *energy!* Such *focus!*

My *Dreiser* came out in 1964. Early the next spring I sent a copy to Neda. She wrote to thank me, and said, "Swanberg's book is due in April."

I ordered a copy. The biography was hefty, the width of a brick and nearly the weight, jam-packed with details I'd never suspected. Its portrayal of Dreiser as a great womanizer was supported by reams of fascinating proof. I reviewed it immediately to a responsive lunch-hour crowd on a Books-at-Noon program at Cal Poly, and later I wrote Swanberg a congratulatory note in which I mentioned my self-imposed

reticence during our non-meeting in Philadelphia. The biographer chided me good-naturedly for my timidity. He hadn't intended at all to seem stand-offish, but he became totally self-absorbed when he was working. Perhaps overly so. He'd gladly have made time for a chat, he wrote me. I felt I'd missed an important opportunity. Years later, when I organized my own Dreiser conference on the campus at SUNY Brockport, I dedicated it to him—as well as (of course) to Neda.

Largely through Neda's good graces (I feel certain), I began to find myself included in the Dreiser "circle." Invitations to Dreiser events arrived in my mail, opportunities to hear Robert Elias lecture in Philadelphia, things like that, most of which by necessity I had to pass up—the distances I'd need to travel! The most notable event of all was the splendid Centennial mounted in Dreiser' s home town, Terre Haute, in 1971. By this time I had revisited Van Pelt and begun to publish the results of my investigations into *The Financier* in places like *PMLA* and *American Literature*, and so I was asked to speak on Dreiser's sources for that novel. A highlight of the Centennial was Neda's first-hand yarn concerning Dreiser during his last years in Los Angeles, bundling up his precious literary remains in liquor boxes and shipping them one by one from Kings Road in Hollywood to Walnut Street in Philadelphia via Parcel Post. Thus initiating one of the very first—and finest—"author" archives that we have in America.

Neda and I continued to correspond. I worked in her Rare Book Room any number of times. Always needing something more. Always getting it. Rapidly, I came to rely on the Collection and on her. I'd changed my academic address again. Now, located in New York State, I was just an hour by jet plane from the collection. Neda became a sort of clearing house. Not only for me. For any number of other Dreiser scholars, for all of us. She was what we held in common. The glue that held us together. Each one of us was in her debt.

We resumed our tour of Normandy Farm Estates. "I think it's grand," I said; "It seems just right for you."

We were moving toward a very well set up and club-like lunch room (walnut tables for four spread with white linen.

Yellow mums popping up bright from a tiny glass vase). The lentil soup was fine. Lunch done, we drifted towards Neda's room. It seemed spacious, large and square. Her own familiar things furnished it. Personal photographs stood everywhere. At her door a tiny bundle of white fur leaped up to greet her. Its darting pink tongue reached for her face as she gathered her pet into her arms. Neda crooned to that tiny, eager face in dog language. "They told me I couldn't have a pet here," she confided. The doggie's huge dark eyes were adoring. "Unless it was one that I already had when I moved in!"

"Lucky you already had her," Gene said.

"Lucky my foot!" Neda gave us a knowing smile. "When I knew for sure I was coming here, I rushed out immediately to the nearest kennel and picked her out. Do you think for a minute I'd move in here without packing something warm and cuddly like this to keep me company? Some of these big retirement places don't allow pets at all. No matter what. You don't know how many places I had to check out. Here if you have a pet when you arrive you can keep it."

"You *researched* it."

"I did. Yes. And Normandy Farms was the best place all round. For me."

"It's going to be perfect for you."

"No question. I'll never need to move again. Everything's taken care of. Until I die."

"Which we hope won't be for years and years."

We were glad for Neda. The place did seem ideal.

All too soon the afternoon waned. We needed to hit the road. Neda sent us off with a cheek-kiss apiece. "You come on back," she said, "now you know the way."

"We will," Gene said.

"I promise!" I added.

We were quiet on the road back to Newark.

"You know, we really must," Gene said.

"Must what?"

"Get back to see Neda."

"Of course we will." But a couple of lines from Frost kept running through my mind. Insistently: . . . *knowing how way leads on to way/I doubted if I should ever come back.*

"We really ought to. Yes."

But Frost knew—more than any of us.

Reminiscences

It has been a generation since I worked on and off for over six months with the Dreiser papers at Penn, but in all that time I have never forgotten the courtesies and the help extended to me and my wife by Neda Westlake. She prized the Dreiser papers, but as the good custodian she was, she offered them to working critics and scholars in ways that made working at Penn a delight. The compiling and cataloguing, even though they initially involved using card files and notebooks, were thoroughly done, and the actual cataloguing was a model of good sense. Like most curators', Neda's view of the collection was both preemptory and generous—preemptory to the extent that she knew the value of what Dreiser had given to Penn, generous in her equal awareness that Dreiser's reputation, his very literary life, depended upon the insights that the collection could help reveal. And through it all, she remained a lady in the classical sense of that term—always polite, considerate, understanding, and helpful. I will always treasure her sense of encouragement and her spirit of good will. Dreiser scholars have been diminished by her passing, just as Dreiser himself has lost a good friend, protector, and sponsor. Those of us who have worked with archival material all know how lucky we were that the Dreiser collection was in her hands. I personally—like many who came before and after me—have long been in her debt.

—Richard Lehan, University of California, Los Angeles

I first met Neda in the summer of 1966 when I spent almost three months working at the Dreiser Collection in preparation for a book on Dreiser's novels. My notion was that an understanding of the tangled and complex history of the composition of each of Dreiser's novels could provide a basis

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for an understanding of their themes and form. Although the Dreiser Collection, with its rich holdings in Dreiser manuscripts as well as in other material bearing on the writing of his novels, was to be the foundation of my study, I approached its use with some apprehension. My earlier interests in Hamlin Garland and Frank Norris had led me to the manuscript collections of the Huntington Library and the Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley. Both of these institutions practiced a strict regimen in the disposition of their manuscripts. Each item desired had to be paged using an often vague and inaccurate calendar, a procedure which not only consumed a great deal of time but also left the uncomfortable feeling that there were unnoted and thus unseen riches stored in far-off recesses. And the entire research ambience was that of a process designed to protect the furniture from unruly and irresponsible school boys.

I realized then, as I realize now, that these practices serve a necessary function, but I nevertheless feared that given both my needs and the immense and largely undescribed body of material available in the Dreiser Collection, I would find it impossible to complete my project. At our first interview, Neda listened with great patience, and also asked a number of informed questions, as I explained what I was up to. When it became apparent that I had a solid project and knew what I was talking about, she said, in effect, Why don't you use the Collection in a way that both reduces our work and makes yours more doable? You may go into the manuscript stacks and seek out what you want to see and then bring it out front (the formal portion of the Rare Book Library, where scholars normally consulted material) or, if more convenient, work on it at one of the small tables in the stacks themselves. In addition, as my work progressed and it became apparent that I would need a great deal of material on microfilm (xerox was then in its blurry infancy), she readily agreed to provide it. In short, the only restrictions which Neda placed on the most efficient and productive ways of my using the Collection were those imposed by the donors, which involved principally Dreiser's diaries and some of his correspondence.

The work which I did that summer as well as during my frequent returns to the Collection over the next decade provided

much of the basis for the three books that I published on Dreiser in the mid-1970s: *Theodore Dreiser: A Primary and Secondary Bibliography* (with Richard Dowell and Fred Rusch), *The Novels of Theodore Dreiser: A Critical Study*, and *Theodore Dreiser: A Selection of Uncollected Prose*. During this period I came to know and admire Neda as a person as well as a colleague. She not only served as an immensely knowledgeable Dreiserian but also became a friend. She had a lively and engaging openness which made her an enjoyable companion, and she liked a good joke or sly aside and was fond of a good meal and a glass of wine.

If I had to sum up the quality which made Neda such an important figure in the research of several generations of Dreiser scholars, I would above all stress her capacity for the practical solution. She was committed to helping scholars get their work done, not only by providing invaluable information about the Collection but also by actively seeking out concrete and specific ways to facilitate their research. She was therefore ideal for her job, wedding her appreciation of Dreiser's importance and worth with what might be called her kindly expertise. I have never encountered a librarian equal to Neda, and I don't think that I will.

—Donald Pizer, Tulane University

One of my earliest memories of Neda Westlake involves coddled eggs. I was a young scholar, on the way up (I hoped), and was visiting Penn to work with the Dreiser papers. Travel money was scarce in my department—there wasn't even enough to finance a few nights at Father Divine's establishment—so Neda invited me to join her and her little terrier in their apartment. Quarters were tight: I remember that we had to edge around each other in the evenings, but we managed well. I bunked on a foldout sofa and slept soundly.

I had thought that preparations in the mornings might be hectic since Neda and I would have to put ourselves together quickly and make a substantial commute into campus, but I awoke the first morning at seven and found Neda ready to go, her coiffure in place, her makeup perfect, and, most miraculous

of all, a full breakfast waiting on the table. We were having bacon, toast, and coddled eggs—a delicacy that this southern boy had never encountered. These were soft-boiled eggs still in the shell, presented in little blue egg cups, and she had prepared them perfectly. She had to show me how to eat them: with your knife you made an incision around the top of the eggshell, then lifted off the little cap and, using a small spoon, extracted the egg inside. I thought it very exotic.

Neda was thoroughly assembled that morning and every morning thereafter. This was typical of her: in all the years I knew her she was always prepared, ready for meetings with visiting scholars, well-informed and professional in her dealings with her clientele. In those early days of the Dreiser Edition she was invaluable in our negotiations with the various folks at Penn from whom we needed support. She had been at the university for a long time, and she knew who made decisions and what those people needed to hear. Neda was observant and understated in meetings with library and press directors. She had excellent instincts about when to say something (always the right thing, it seemed to me) and when to remain silent. We would never have launched the project without her.

Neda was a good raconteuse, and she told some wonderful stories about the Dreiser papers. I suspect that most veteran Dreiserians remember them. I heard her tell them more than once: about the arrival of the manuscripts in liquor boxes; about Dreiser's lady friends who would from time to time materialize with letters and manuscripts and mementos; about how she had once "misplaced" a revealing diary so she would not have to show it to a conventional-minded scholar who "wouldn't have understood it at all!"

I owe Neda Westlake many debts. She opened the Dreiser manuscripts (and her home) to me, taught me lessons about scholarship, and set a good example as a professional. We are all fortunate that Dreiser's papers were in her care for those important early years.

—James L. W. West III, Penn State University

"No Sale"

A Story by Theodore Dreiser, Presented in Memory of Neda M. Westlake

Thomas P. Riggio
University of Connecticut

Any dedication to Neda Westlake would be incomplete without some recognition of the part she played in establishing the Dreiser Collection at the University of Pennsylvania. Her association with the special collections began as a graduate student when Professor Robert Spiller, her advisor in American Civilization, suggested she apply for a library service scholarship. John Alden, then the Curator of the Rare Book Collection, interviewed her in his office, which at the time was cluttered with the whiskey cartons in which Dreiser had packed his correspondence and manuscripts. His papers had recently arrived from California in boxes labeled "Seagram's Seven," "Four Roses," and "Black and White." Alden's test to determine the qualifications of the young Ph.D. candidate was simple: reaching into the box nearest him, he pulled out one of the thousands of letters written to Dreiser and asked her to read the signature. She promptly responded "Fannie Hurst" and was hired on the spot.

As it turned out, Neda spent a good amount of her working life answering such questions. In the course of a long career at the university library, she became Assistant Curator of the Rare Books Collection in 1949, and Curator in 1960. Nowhere was her influence felt more than in her work with the Dreiser papers. She directed the original organization of the huge mass of materials Dreiser had sent, thereby giving the collection its first

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shape. She remained the major administrator of the Dreiser Collection until her retirement in 1985. In this capacity, she served and guided two generations of Dreiser students. She herself made valuable scholarly contributions to the field, not the least of which was the initiation of the Pennsylvania Dreiser Edition, for which she served as General Editor.

In an interview she gave at the time of her retirement, Neda looked back on her "life with Dreiser" and spoke playfully of her "struggles with Dreiser's sometimes difficult handwriting, finding that he has shaken my confidence in the spelling of words beginning with 'i's and 'e's, and the exasperation of not being able to find a particular letter that I know I have seen in the labyrinth of the collection." What gave special vitality to her work, however, went beyond a curator's understanding of manuscripts and handwriting. She had begun her career at a propitious moment—a time when many of the players in Dreiser's circle were still alive. She came to know many of them: among others, Helen Dreiser, William Lengel, James Farrell, Louise Campbell, Margaret Tjader Harris, August Mencken. Combining her personal experiences with archival expertise, she generously passed on her knowledge to those who came to do research at the library.

As a curator Neda fulfilled Dreiser's intentions by preserving not just the major manuscripts but every story, diary, notebook, menu, laundry list, and clipping he had in his files. These materials have been mined by literary historians, critics, and biographers for the last half century. The following story, printed here for the first time, is a good example of the seemingly endless mass of unexplored papers in the collection.[1] It is one of many unpublished—and at times unfinished—-manuscripts at the library. Often minor in themselves, they nevertheless add to our understanding of Dreiser's idiosyncratic literary genius.

Like so much of Dreiser's fiction, from early short stories such as "Nigger Jeff" to the monumental *An American Tragedy*, "No Sale" is inspired by what caught his eye and imagination in newspaper columns. Luckily, he preserved with the manuscript the following unmarked and undated clipping from a New York paper that was the source for the story he called "No Sale."

MAKES APPOINTMENT
WITH GIRL HE ROBBED

But When She Meets Smitten Hold-Up
Man She is Accompanied by Police

Allen Orman, 23 years old, of 245 South Ninth Street, Brooklyn, sat last night in a cell in the East Sixty-seventh Street police station and sadly decided that hold-up men who mix business with pleasure cannot win. He was held under a charge of assault and robbery.

Last Monday night, according to Miss Frances Tauber, Orman came into her hosiery shop at 133 1/2 East Fifty-ninth Street, threatened her with a pistol and gruffly ordered her to the rear. In tying her up he tore a hole in her stocking.

Miss Tauber, who is 21, lost her temper and told Orman that even if she ran a hosiery shop she could not afford to have her stockings torn. He studied her face a moment, smiled approvingly, and went out to get $30 in the cash register. Then he vanished.

On Tuesday night Miss Tauber got a telephone call at the shop. It was a man who revealed himself as the robber. He pleaded for an appointment. Miss Tauber agreed to meet him in Grand Central Station. A few hours later a messenger boy came to the store with a package containing a dozen silk handkerchiefs, a dozen roses and a pair of silk stockings. Miss Tauber called the Sixty-seventh Street Station and was told to keep her appointment.

As she got into the subway train last night at Fifty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue, two detectives were not far behind. Neither was the unsuspecting Orman. He took a seat near her and then the two detectives walked over.

Orman admitted the hold-up, according to the police, but said his pistol was only a glass toy. And he also admitted, according to the detectives, that the gifts he sent Miss Tauber were purchased with $65 he had taken at the point of his toy pistol from the Doubleday Doran Book Shop at 848 Lexington Avenue on Tuesday night.

What in this brief vignette attracted Dreiser's attention? Criminal acts of all kinds always fascinated him, of course. But the news report has a broadly comic side to it that is hardly the stuff of Dreiserian tales of crime and punishment. (Could the mention of his old nemesis from the *Sister Carrie* days, Doubleday, have sparked his interest?) Whatever initially drew him to the story, it now serves as a model-in-miniature of how Dreiser reimagined in fiction the reports of the common life of his day. We can see some of the familiar Dreiserian themes reshaping raw journalistic data. For example, Frances Tauber becomes Dorothy Gold (nee Dora Goldstein), and Dreiser moves her shop to the "heart of Broadway's theatrical district." She becomes an ambitious working-girl-turned-entrepreneur who, despite being a single mother, has Carrie-like yearnings to associate herself, however vicariously, with the stars of "musical comedy." Dreiser also provides his character with a deceased husband, around whom the action finally turns. In a twist on the marriage theme found in much of his short fiction, it is the wife here who remembers her dead spouse with ambivalent emotions, at times experiencing relief at "the feeling of independence and comparative peace that made up her daily life." Ever the psychological realist, Dreiser exhibits here his habit of investing his characters with complexities not found in his sources. He takes the bare bones of a sensational, entertaining news report and builds a story in which the focus shifts from the hapless hold-up man to the unsettling decision of his victim. At the end, the thief becomes a double of the husband, and the determination to turn him in stems from unconscious motives rather than simple pique over a robber's bad manners.

It is not clear from the typescript that survives whether "No Sale" is a fragment or a finished story. I suspect the ending is too abrupt to have satisfied Dreiser. Is the conclusion—with its surprise connection between the thief and Dorothy's husband—meant to push us to reflect on the emotional distress brought on by her decision? It depends on how one reads the final "But now." Probably Dreiser ran into a dead end and could not decide how far or where to take the story. It is possible that the fable-like nature of the material made it difficult for him to develop

the piece along the lines he had established. Or he may have been planning to return to it some day.

Whatever the case, "No Sale" is worth considering as an interesting example of both Dreiser's compositional habits and the thematic concerns that shaped his writing. For the opportunity to investigate such documents, much is owed to the pioneering efforts of Neda Westlake.

Note

1. The University of Pennsylvania kindly gave permission to publish this story, which is among the papers in the Theodore Dreiser Collection at the Van Pelt Library.

"No Sale"
by Theodore Dreiser

Dorothy Gold (her name was really Dora Goldstein) opened the front door of her White Way Hosiery Shop on a sunny Monday morning. She always did this with an air. And why shouldn't she? Twenty-eight years old and looking twenty-two and the proprietress of a shop of her own—hosiery and lingerie. True, it was only a hole in the wall, an incredibly narrow aperture between two tall buildings in the heart of Broadway's theatrical district. But Dorothy paid the rent and owned the stock.

There was only one display window, a very small one, but Dorothy kept it attractively dressed, with blush-pink, rose-pink, ivory-white lingerie and all of the latest shades of hosiery: Peach Bloom, Sunkist, Azuree, Duskee, Samarkand, Nude, Flesh, Coronade, Tangiers—what eye-filling, memory-stirring names for women's hosiery! Two or three photographs, affectionately inscribed, of "ladies of the ensemble" in some current musical show graced the front of the window: "To Dorothy, a great little merchant," or just "To Dorothy, with love." Dorothy hoped eventually to secure the photograph of a popular stage star. She had once sent a half-dozen pairs of her

best, extra-sheer, gossamer-like stockings to a shining light of the musical comedy stage, asking for only a photograph in return, but that golden-haired young lady had never even deigned to answer.

Today the shop was having a birthday, and on Saturday Dorothy's baby, Gloria, had also had a birthday. The shop was two years old and little Gloria was three years old. Dorothy had spent the week-end in Leestown, New Jersey, where the baby lived with Dorothy's mother. They had had a birthday cake with three candles, and little Gloria had blown out the candles. Round and rosy, with golden hair and blue eyes, in her little pink dress, she looked as if she should be set atop the pink icing on the birthday cake. This baby and the shop were Dorothy's reasons for living.

When the baby was a year old, Dorothy's husband died. Killed. And with the insurance money she set up the hosiery shop. Life was a hard struggle from then on, although Dorothy looked back on the disturbing few years she had spent with Arthur and was glad for the feeling of independence and comparative peace that made up her daily life. But these times were rare, because she never really got over missing her husband, even though life with him had been little more than an uncertain affair. But he was so happy-go-lucky, affectionate, companionable, and in Dorothy's opinion this all made up for his irresponsibility and downright selfishness. He had worked only intermittently, and at anything he could get: taxi driving, cigar storeclerk, haberdashery salesman; once he was a movie usher. His tastes were always extravagant, and he gambled whenever he had the money—horse races, prizefights, anything and everything. There were constant quarrels with him about his friends. He always chose the wrong sort, Dorothy said. But in between were emotional reconciliations between him and her that to Dorothy made up for everything. And then came the day when they called her up and told her he was dead.

Two years had passed since then and Dorothy never lived through a day without thinking of him. Her last thoughts before she fell asleep were of Arthur. This morning on the way to the shop from her room in the Bronx, she had seen a man who looked like Arthur. But there was too much to do to keep

thinking of him, because today she meant to take stock, make an inventory, and get ready for the winter trade.

It was about 10:30 o'clock, and there hadn't been one customer as yet, when in walked a young fellow, blonde, well-dressed, attractive, with his hands in his pockets. Dorothy walked to the counter from the back of the store and smiled her best smile. He looked at her for a moment and said nothing.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"What can you do for me?" and he smiled a queer smile Dorothy thought.

"You can do something for me, girlie, pretty quick. You can hand me over the money that's in that register.

Dorothy gasped. "What do you mean? Why . . . ."

"Come on, get a move on, girlie. Be quick about it!"

She walked to the cash register and stood guard. "Why, I won't . . . I . . . ."

He walked quickly behind the counter, took hold of her and pulled her to the back of the store, behind a tall pile of boxes. Noticing a chair, he made her sit down, and drew a thin rope out of his pocket, and proceeded to tie her firmly to the chair. All of the time she was struggling and saying: "Oh, you can't do this. I haven't much money. Please don't . . . ."

"Sorry, girlie, if you'll just keep quiet, there won't be any trouble, but if you start any screaming, why . . . ." And he pulled a revolver out of his pocket.

Dorothy kept quiet after that, and he left her and she could hear him at the cash register. There was only $52 in the drawer; she had been to the bank in the morning and gotten the money. He walked back to where she sat, bound and pale, and looked at her for a moment. "Well, you're a game kid, and I'm sorry, but I had to have it. Good-bye. You can work yourself loose later, or someone may come in and help you."

She looked at him, and knew that she would never forget his face. On his way out he stopped and pressed one of the keys of the cash register. She heard the bell ring.

"No sale, girlie. Good-bye!"

Two girls entered the store about thirty minutes later and Dorothy called to them and they unfastened the rope and set her free. Then a call to the police. But he had left no trace, no

fingerprints; he was wearing gloves, and Dorothy could only give them a very good description of how he looked.

"He didn't look like a regular bandit," she said. "He was sort of refined-looking."

"A lot o' them look like that these days, lady," said one of the policemen. "We'll try to locate him." And they left.

Unnerved and upset, Dorothy still had to carry on. There was the shop, and Monday evenings she kept open until 10:30. But all day and all evening she went around in a daze. How terrible! What a harrowing experience!

At ten o'clock the telephone rang. A man's voice. "Hello girlie, I'm the little hold-up guy. Listen, girlie, you know I like you! You're not hard on the eyes at all. How about meeting me tonight after you close up and having a bite of something to eat with me?"

"Well, you've got a nerve," answered Dorothy. Her cheeks were flaming. "I certainly will not. And let me tell you, it won't be long before you' re locked up."

"Is that so? Yeah? Well, I'm the one that knows about that. But listen, girlie, come on down to the Pennsylvania Station and meet me, won't you? Honest, I'd like to see you again. I like you. I like your looks. You won't find me such a bad guy. I'll tell you all about myself. It's an interesting story. I don't spend all my time holding up pretty girls. Honest, I don't. I'm not a regular bandit. Honest I ain't. Maybe I'll give you back some of your money, who knows? Come on down and find out."

Dorothy's mouth set in a grim line. She looked out into space for a second, thinking hard. "All right, I'll meet you. It's ten o'clock now; I'll be down there at 10:30."

"Fine! Fine! I'll be sitting on the first row of benches in the waiting room where I can see you come in."

"All right, good-bye."

A few moments later, she had the police station on the telephone, and before she had her coat on, a detective was there. They got into a taxi and rode to the station.

Dorothy and the detective entered the waiting room at the station from the rear, so that the bandit wouldn't have a chance to get away when he saw a man with her. Dorothy pointed him out to the detective, her heart faint within her, for he did look a

little pathetic sitting there, and surely he must be an amateur in the business to take a chance like this.

It didn't take long to get the handcuffs on him and get him out to the street. Dorothy tried to get away but he saw her. His eyes were hard as he looked at her. "I thought maybe you were different," he said, "but I see you're not."

All the way home Dorothy thought and thought and thought. Had she done the right thing? Wasn't it the only thing to do? Wouldn't it perhaps square things for Arthur? Never would she forget that night that they called her up and told her Arthur was killed in a hold-up. He had been one of three who entered a Broadway jewelry store for the purpose of holding up the place, and he had been one of two who were killed. But she knew Arthur was innocent. He hadn't ever been really bad. He had only gotten in with those bad companions, and had been drawn into it against his will. She knew Arthur and she knew this must be the way it happened. But there he was, shot through the head; he never had a chance to explain. They hadn't found any jewelry on him, while they had on the others. He had probably had a change of heart even after he entered the store. He was like that. Weak. And he had never done anything like that before. He had no police record and the others had.

But now!

Dreiser's Diaristic Mode

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In *Literary Selves* (1993) James N. Stull states that personal history and autobiographical writing are of enduring importance for the literary and cultural heritage of America. Such nonfiction is "a testament of authorial selfhood and a means of verbal empowerment, a way of creating a self and arresting experience in the moment of language by symbolically possessing the world in the author's own distinct words" (3). Quoting Albert E. Stone on autobiographical writing as "necessarily manifest[ing] by every word, image, episode, and chapter division the architectural presence and imaginative identity of its author," Stull adopts Stone's conclusion: "Style is indeed a self, if not the only self" (3).

Twenty years earlier, in a contribution to *Genre* (1973), Steven Earl Kagle had already postulated the "existence of a diary tradition" (417) and assessed the diary as art. He discussed the arguments proffered that deny diary writing a literary status: the lack of artistic intent due to the presumed absence of an audience; the subject matter which generally focuses on real rather than fictional events; and the periodic production and the proximity to the event, which one believed to prevent consistency and unity as well as the reflection of the event's significance (416). In 1988, Lawrence Rosenwald, in his "Prolegomena" to *Emerson and the Art of the Diary*, also addressed and refuted these commonly held notions in chapters he inscribed programmatically: "Against the Myth of Privacy," "Against the Myth of Veridicality," and "Against the Myth of Artlessness" (4).

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Endorsing Rosenwald's position as my starting point for a rereading of the diaristic portions of Dreiser's travel account of 1911-12, which comprise the "Diary Notes" for *A Traveler at Forty* and the first 16 chapters of the original *Traveler* manuscript, I would like to argue not only that these documents deserve the *biographical* attention they have received in the past, but that they are precious material for an improved understanding of the wide range of his *artistic* production during these central years of his career. Together with other famous journals that do not meet the traditional notions of what constitutes a "literary" text, Dreiser's diaries share the fate of critical neglect, although they are a fresh, unadulterated manifestation of his self and his conceptions of the world presented in a style that, since he did not have to negotiate this form of expression, is more genuinely Dreiserian than that in any of his marketed writings of the same period. The very act of preservation suggests that Dreiser meant his critics to investigate this particular creation of a new self as a European traveler and that he realized the artistic significance of his traveling persona.

Before embarking though on a more detailed analysis of Dreiser's diaristic concept in the notes for *Traveler*, I will view these journals in their historical context. American culture preserves a rich body of diary literature, which critics have mainly explored as a source for otherwise unavailable private data. A few journals such as Emerson's and Thoreau's have gained literary status, but despite the three volumes by Steven E. Kagle on *American Diary Literature* and a few treatises on individual authors, scholarly work has rarely proceeded beyond the editing of the diaries of major American writers. Kagle thus far has ended his investigation of late nineteenth-century American diaries with the Transcendentalist journals. Although it may be regrettable that he has not yet pursued his study as far as the realist and naturalist writers, Kagle at least has cleared the ground held by their immediate predecessors, such as Nathaniel Hawthorne and Richard Henry Dana, who, he posits, established a new form of what he terms "travel-dominated life diaries" (*Late Nineteenth-Century American Diary Literature* 65).

Dreiser's diaries, conveniently subdivided in accordance with the perceptive angle into the two categories of American and European diaries, share some of the characteristics of these earlier specimens of the genre. Several are directly related to travel. For example, the "Diary Notes" of 1911-12 covers his first grand tour in Europe, the "European Diary" of 1926 describes his second tour of Europe, and the *Russian Diary* of 1927 recounts his tour of the Soviet Union. In addition, Dreiser kept notes about his travels in the U.S. such as his trip to Savannah and other places in the South in 1916, the second trip to Indiana in 1919, a trip to the Jersey shore in the same year, and a vacation in Florida in 1925-26.[1] I will focus on the travel diary of 1911-12.

Dreiser's narrative of his first travels in Europe survives in four different formats: in two printed versions, which are four magazine articles and the book *A Traveler at Forty* (1913); in the still partly unpublished version of the "1st Typescript"; and in the still wholly unpublished manuscript containing the original diary entries.[2] These texts cannot be read in the same way. Although all of them spring from the identical real-life material, the shaping focus varies considerably and has produced different works of art and a double, even triple decodability. In fact, three different Dreisers have been at work here: the diarist, the journalist, and the travel writer/ autobiographer. The resulting divergences should not be blamed on the author either as instances of untruthfulness or as a lack of creative power or artistic achievement, but should be attributed to the differing functions of the texts. Even the question of the quality of these texts must be judged in the respective contexts and be answered for each text individually.

The magazine articles Dreiser composed were an obligation, since he had signed a contract; the book was an option, which he completed after having fulfilled an earlier contract for *The Financier*; but the diary notes were a compositional necessity and, as art, the primary form, the most immediate writing into which he shaped his impressions. There were previous examples for a layered composition, such as Irving's travel journals and notebooks, from which he created his *Sketch Book* (1819-20) and *A Tour on the Prairies* (1835), as

well as Hawthorne's *English Notebooks*, from which he fashioned *Our Old Home* (1863). Dreiser may have been aware of some of these texts, since he was an avid reader of both writers (*Dreiser-Mencken Letters* I: 231). Moreover, this method of composition was also a technique practiced by contemporary writers such as Henry James.[3]

The diaristic origin of the narrative is still visible in a few places of *A Traveler at Forty*, where Dreiser (and his editor) allow the reader a glimpse of the original mode of creating the text.[4] He pictures himself "sitting in a comfortable English home, as I write" (*ATF* 42); or, even more precisely, "writing these notes . . . very close to a grate fire in a pretty little sitting-room in an English country house about twenty-five miles from London" (*ATF* 47); or writing "all morning in my alcove" (*ATF* 136). The original uncut draft, preserved as the "1st Typescript," provides a clearer view of the working method Dreiser practiced for the first 16 chapters. Differing from the printed version, these early chapters are uniformly presented in the form of diary entries starting on Saturday, November 4th ("1st TS" 1). They are not, however, raw entries, but correspond to what Rosenwald has classified as a "diary edited for publication by its author" (7). Conversely, two of the magazine articles, covering the same period and published earlier than the book, do not betray the diaristic origin but offer the identical subject matter as a traditional travel narrative fitting the pattern of literary convictions held by readers of *The Century* or *The Smart Set*.

December 4, 1911, one month to the day after the beginning of the diary account, marks a crucial date in Dreiser's compositional procedure. It is the date when the "Diary Notes," as preserved in the collection of Dreiserana in the Van Pelt Library, properly start. The brevity of the first entry takes the reader by surprise, since it contrasts sharply with the extended (revised?) narrative of the preceding weeks:

> London, Monday, Dec 4 - 19, 1911
> Write all day—

December 4 then marks a clear line of demarcation between the diary notes in an edited form and the first true diaristic record in an unedited form.

The entry is followed by a regular stream of day-by-day memoranda of his first impressions. But Dreiser also seems to have written short notes for the very first weeks. In chapter 6 of the "1st Typescript," he quotes some of them, unedited, as he explicitly states:

> Let me take out of my notebook some of the comments I wrote on this ship-life and just as I penned them at the time. . . . .
>
> Nov. 23: A dull crowd and small, I understand, for this ship. Evidently I am not seeing the finest type of ocean passenger. The diningroom is not quite as glittering perhaps as the throng in the drawing-room of an evening. Never mind. I am seeing enough.
>
> Nov. 23d: A slightly more rolly night than was the day. I think of disaster and of being in an open boat in a cold, stormy sea. . . . At eight I call for a bath; at nine I breakfast. No breakfast for Miss B—— or Miss L——. R. comes down late. Feels better and we talk literature. ("1st TS" 81)[5]

Except for these quotations, the early notes do not seem to have survived. Thus December 4, the day of the first holograph note, marks the date when the texts start to bifurcate: the diary continues to be organized by the historic dates, while the text composed for the two publishers, The Century Co. and Grant Richards, develops more and more into a travelogue that can be only roughly reconstructed along chronological lines. Dreiser himself records the ever-widening gap between the first verbal framing of his experiences and the moment of revising the entry. Falling behind in the historical dates of his original note-taking, but still abiding by the diaristic mode of presenting the daily record of experiences, he tries to solve his dilemma by writing with fictive dates, a practice which he, however, discloses to the reader when, under the date of November 27, he declares, "I prefer writing as though it were yesterday" ("1st TS" 121). He increases his efforts at writing in proximity to his adventures during his first quiet stay at Richards's country house: "After I had been at Bridgeley Level four or five days catching up on my accumulating notes" ("1st TS" 121). On another solitary day in

the country at Cookham Dean on December 19, more than two weeks later, he composes the chapter about Mrs. Stoop's Sunday reception in London, which had occurred on December 3 ("DN" 26). In similar fashion he confides to his diary that in the whirl of London life he has fallen behind for more than two weeks: "London is lost in a fog at this period for me, for it is now December 20th and I am writing of December 4th" ("1st TS" 264). Meanwhile he has come to resent the day-by-day method of writing his travel narrative: "I found that quite impossible, however" (*ATF* 150).

Judging by the dates listed for the first 16 chapters in the "1st Typescript" of *Traveler,* for about six weeks he keeps up the double procedure of note-taking and editing them afterwards. Recording several mornings or even entire days spent with writing up his notes,[6] Dreiser may have deemed this manner of composing full-scale chapters too wasteful of his precious time in Europe. He may also have discovered that his experiences needed to be reflected upon from a later vantage point and that they profited from a period of maturation.[7] In chapter 21 he no longer practices the day-by-day narrative, which up to this time has been his major mode of organizing his text.[8] Instead of expanding he begins to summarize the daily entries in his notebook: "If I should attempt to dilate on all the interesting adventures that befell me, this would prove a never-ending diary" ("1st TS" 311). He also gives up on editing his notes while abroad and postpones the process of recreating his travel experiences until after returning to New York and finishing his novel *The Financier*. In this sense—reversing Dostoevsky's title for the description of his own travels in Western Europe[9]—Dreiser's *Traveler* might well be called "Summer Remarks in America on Winter Impressions in Europe."

An investigation of the "Diary Notes" requires a comment on the issue of invading an author's seeming privacy. Diaries are usually regarded as secret, even to the point of labeling them, as William Byrd did his, as "The Secret Diary."[10] In the manner of his time, Byrd even resorted to "the flying pen," a method of shorthand he learned in the London law courts, to render his diary inaccessible to his household. Customarily,

permission to enter the privacy of a writer's innermost thoughts and actions is granted to his biographers. However, few writers have taken the step of keeping their journals "private *in aeternum*, namely of destroying them" (Rosenwald 10). Transcendentalist diaries were circulated freely among members of the movement, and some were even published during the lifetime of their writers. As Robert Latham and William Matthews convincingly reason, the very act of taking pains to ensure a diary's preservation by bequeathing it to a library for the use of future scholars "must mean that he [the writer] intended it to have some of the qualities of a printed book" (lxi). While initially Dreiser may have seen no further use of his notes but to serve as a memory tank for the writing of his magazine articles and the book, he seems to have attached a special value to this original material in his later years.[11]

Dreiser describes Grant Richards reading his notes. Apparently the author does not resent the reading, but rather the method of composition that has been forced upon him:

> Every evening he wanted to take my hastily scribbled notes and read them, and after doing so was anxious to have me do them all just that way, that is, day by day as I experienced them. (*ATF* 150)

Thus, while Dreiser was indirectly composing his notes for a reader, these pages, from the very beginning, were not reserved for his eyes alone, and the act of carefully preserving them and eventually bequeathing them to the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia is sufficient evidence that he must have dedicated these notes to the selective audience of Dreiser scholars. Since his death, the "Diary Notes" of 1911-12 have therefore served as a text for the inner circle of Dreiserians, whereas the printed *Traveler* has functioned as a text for an outer circle. While Rosenwald thinks that the diarists not only create a diary but elect their audience (12), I would like to argue that the text itself, as another expression of the author's personality and as a literary document, eventually creates an audience.

This takes us to the question whether these "hastily scribbled notes" can be regarded as literary art. In her preface to Dreiser's *American Diaries, 1902-1926*, the late General Editor

Neda Westlake is careful to restrict their use to "a new source for biographical and critical study" (vii). In his introduction to these diaries, Thomas P. Riggio also speaks mainly from the biographer's point of view of the more introspective and revealing qualities of the diaries from 1916 to 1926 (11), and he states cautiously that "he [Dreiser] *seems* not to have had a future audience in mind for these entries" (14; emphasis mine). While the entries for *Traveler* are implicitly connected in the author's mind with the later act of composition and eventual publication, it can be assumed that as of December 4, 1911, Dreiser himself separated the traditional creative act of writing for publication from the act of preserving his impressions. Although Westlake confirms this view by describing his writing notes "casually, at times hurriedly," she also recognizes the notes' intrinsic literary craftsmanship by hinting that his diaries "will be of interest to students of Dreiser's *literary art* as they reveal subtle aspects of how Dreiser viewed the external world and transmuted it in his daily creative efforts" (vii; emphasis mine).

Riggio stresses the "staccato, summary-style" character of the majority of Dreiser's notes (*Dreiser's Russian Diary* 4). The diary entries for *Traveler* he classifies as "raw data" and "aide-mémoire." However, while assembling his material and composing his notes, Dreiser followed literary models. Like Richard Henry Dana and the New England Puritan writers, he prefaces his diary with an "Autobiographical Sketch" (Kagle, *Late Nineteenth-Century American Diary Literature* 66). Just as Dana ends his review of his previous life in 1842 with an account of writing *Two Years Before the Mast*,[12] Dreiser takes his summary account up to *Sister Carrie* and the myth of the suppressed artist, thus establishing his identity and authority as a writer. His foremost model, however, is Pepys, who, in 1825, had gained immense popularity when his diary was first published.[13] Dreiser quotes Pepys expressly: "and finally, as the beloved Pepys was accustomed to remark, 'So to bed' " (*ATF* 170). Dreiser consciously adopts the style of the famous British diarist for his entries. A first "so to bed" had occurred on November 3, 1902, in the medically-motivated diary he kept for his physician, Doctor Duhring (*American Diaries* 59). The

hurried, vivacious, factual style is the well-known characteristic of the Pepysian daily narrative. Like his British predecessor, who later slowed down and finally stopped documenting his life, Dreiser is driven to preserve his memories on the very day the events occurred; or, if this is not possible, he records them the very next morning, only rarely on the following days. This technique of immediate recording does not prevent blanks or errors. In his "Textual Essay" describing the editing of the *American Diaries*, James L. W. West III deplores the difficulty of having to cope with wrong dates, misspelled place names or, worse, blanks (45-46). In the diary notes for *Traveler* Dreiser is often aware of gaps and admonishes himself, "Ask G. R." ("DN" 23). In other places he expects help from the guidebooks: "For names see Badaeker [sic]" ("DN" 55).

In the main, though, we find Dreiser a conscientious, dependable reporter of the daily events. When walking around London or other cities, he pens his data on the spot, which explains some of the lengthy lists of streets, places, monuments, and buildings that run up to several pages for a single day. For a structure Dreiser chooses the Pepysian frame that Mark Twain jokes about in *The Innocents Abroad*, where the American humorist recounts his attempt to write a journal. Every day in the week he had recorded, "Got up, washed, went to bed" (463). Almost without fail, Dreiser gives the time he rises and frequently also the time he goes to sleep. In a sense he watches himself and, especially, he monitors his writing. Although self-evident by the very note, he mentions his writing almost daily in phrases like these: "Write all morning" ("DN" 8). "I do not get to work until 11 a.m" ("DN" 27). "Back to work. Write till 4" ("DN" 10). "Write to 8 p.m" ("DN" 21), when he again hurries off to the theater to see *Macbeth*. He frequently ends the day by his favorite closing line: "Bedtime. . . . I write these notes" ("DN" 47), and at times briefer yet, "Bed. These notes" ("DN" 50). The pressing need to preserve the fleeting impressions even has him getting up in the middle of the night: "To bed. Up at 3 a.m. to write these notes" ("DN" 11), or he catches up on the following morning: "Wrote last half of notes of day before" ("DN" 55). A break in the writing is also recorded: "Keep notes as far as Old Kent Road market" ("DN"

36).

The importance of the travel notes for the author quickly impresses itself upon the reader of these entries. It is underlined by the frequent mention of the purchase of notebooks: "A notebook for a penny" ("DN" 37). The original literary purpose of this trip, preparing the continuation of the Cowperwood narrative, stays in his mind: "Thoughts of Yerkes" ("DN" 53). However, apart from describing the unique qualities of the countries he has decided to visit, he does not follow any fixed plan of investigation. Instead, he gives himself up to the European experience wholly and unreservedly. Dreiser is an eager chronicler, open to the great variety of encounters that come his way, but he is also actively seeking them. What he jots down at first glance appears unreflected, random, bordering on the insignificant, but this conclusion is false. Every entry is the product of filtering: he mentions only the events, the places, the persons that impart some form of meaning to him which he can later develop in the extended narrative. Unfailingly alert, he takes in specific sights: "I see my first coster cart—two wheels & little donkey—pulling vegetables in baskets"("DN" 15). As an impassioned observer, Dreiser stays mainly in the background and, in the manner of Balzac, studies what he calls "types" ("DN" 60, 65) ranging from the society lady and the artist to children playing—the little girl swinging between two posts—the old woman, the curbstone philosopher, the little dwarf, the hunchback, the drunken man, and the street girl. Poverty unfailingly catches his attention.

The description often takes on the quality of a sketch. With a quick brush he paints a scene in Hyde Park strongly reminiscent of the manner of an impressionist painting, but also testifying to his photographic memory: "Green chairs, nursemaids, ducks, gulls. Homely girls. Lancaster Gates" ("DN" 49). In his imagination he already frames the scenes he will compose from these notes: "I should like to call this chapter a symphony in grey" ("DN" 20). While viewing the environs of Manchester with a painter's eye, he admonishes himself: "Must mention color of natives against grey streets in Stockport—blue gingham of children. White bloused women[.] Red cheeks. Red black walls of houses. Yellow doors. Figures all stand out so

sharply even in these dull hues" ("DN" 73).

The diary as a large form is built of small forms in the sense of André Jolles's pioneering study of the small canvas *Einfache Formen*. Even such a seemingly spontaneous utterance as a diary entry is a creative unit and subject to rules and conventions, though they are far less well known to the reading public than the large forms such as the novel. Dreiser, at this stage of his career, has already passed his diaristic apprenticeship and, as a master, is handling the form efficiently. In his journal, for the most part, he refrains from adding personal reflections. While he indicates the topics of his conversations and the line of ideas, he does not develop his personal opinions: "I argue who are the fine in heart. Intellectual freedom" ("DN" 41). Or: "I offer idea of life as an organized appetite" ("DN" 75). Or: "Interesting talk. Log rolling. American editors. His friend Dillon. Love stories of the world. Biography of Parnell. He is a typical hack journalist" ("DN" 49). A visit to Bisham Church results in the following observation, which achieves its harsh effect by the series of negative qualifiers in the terse description: "I philosophize on what's the matter with the church of England. Seedy congregation. Dreary minister. Dull carol. Poor organ. Church not supported by popular sentiment" ("DN" 46).

The "entries are events in a story set in time . . . they are *actions*; the temporal context they imply is not the calendar but their author's life, and the story they occur in is their author's story" (Rosenwald 34). The reader with a biographical interest in Dreiser treasures the numerous small scenes which provide sudden glimpses of the author. The description of a departure for London on December 28 can hardly be surpassed for its striking vivacity and structural precision:

> Rose at 6:10. Shaved. No bath. Finished bag by candlelight. Heard fly arriving. Suddenly occurs to me I have little time. Close my bag & carry fur coat & bag to vehicle. Carry coat to house. Richards not ready. Dora [the maid] hurrying about. I put on my grey overcoat & stuff cap in fur overcoat pocket. Richards finally comes down stuffing papers & books in his pockets as usual & carrying two cases

> & a secretary case & loose letters. He runs to carriage & were [sic] off in the dark. Twenty minutes to Maidenhead. . . . Cool mind. Grey, foggy day. Pleasant. . . . We arrive & see train on platform. We talk of money. Get upstairs & just miss it. Boys peer. Richards takes guards to task. . . . I have a bad taste in my mouth & feel fussy. ("DN" 51)

A narrative tension is built up between the limited time frame and the carefully detailed account of the actions of the two central characters. Dreiser portrays the scene as in a film, not missing any of the movements. While Richards is observed only from the outside, Dreiser presents himself both acting and reflecting, although, typically for his diary style, withholding judgment. The features of cultural and social irony implicit in this scene—the American traveler, albeit also slightly soured, is shown coping with the situation in a well-mannered way, while his English gentleman companion passes off his mistake by venting his anger on the station personnel—are not commented upon. Thus the diary scene, which seems to focus solely on what is happening on the surface, retains the full force of its deeper meaning.

Such fully rounded descriptions, which achieve coherence by situation or persona, are among the finest examples of the Anglo-American diaristic tradition. In these scenes Dreiser practices a style that resides between the telegraphic notes and the revised diary entries of the first chapters of the "1st Typescript." The hurried pace of the entries, written early in the morning or late at night, during a train ride or during a walk, recaptures how he and his friends live their lives to the full. And filling the role of a latter-day Pepys, Dreiser is at once an involved and an aloof chronicler of society life, whether in London, in the country, or in following his acquaintances to their favorite leisure resorts, Paris, the French Riviera, and Rome. While in Monte Carlo Dreiser passes his days in perpetual movement. One day, together with Richards, he walks to La Turbie and has lunch, meets Sir Hugh Lane, proceeds by a fly to see Eze, "run[s] & catch[es]" a train to Nice, watches Lane gamble, has tea, gambles some more, has dinner, gambles again, returns to Menton by train and walks a long distance

home to their hotel on top of a hill at Cap Martin. Another day, he goes to Monte Carlo, sees the [Oceanographic] Museum and the Grimaldi Palace, has lunch, goes to the Casino, has tea, "rush[es] home" to the hotel to "change clothes" and "hurry back" to Monte Carlo to have dinner at the Princess Hotel, returns to the Casino "en voiture," gambles, leaves to meet a woman friend and stays with her for the night, and returns to his hotel early next morning to begin another round of visits and excursions ("DN" 264-69; 295-302).

While the man Dreiser thus follows his urge to live life to the fullest by cramming his days with events, the writer equally tries to keep up the same pace and to recapture every action in his notebook. No biographer has ever drawn a better picture of Dreiser's eagerness for life and his restlessness than Dreiser himself achieves with these pages. The reader of these notes is made a companion and shares Dreiser's days from morning until night seemingly without omissions or restrictions. Dreiser covers his day completely; he does not discriminate from a reader's or publisher's point of view about events that are deemed significant in a historic sense, and as Mark Twain's editor, Albert Bigelow Paine, phrased it, things which are "hardly suited for the unadorned cheek of polite society" (xi).

Besides an innumerable stream of people and sights, streets, places, and buildings, the notes reproduce the sober details of the accompanying daily life: the meals are listed; the tips and purchases are recorded; the incoming and outgoing mail, phone calls and telegrams are mentioned; the cab rides are chronicled; the dinner dress, the cane and the coat reappear at the proper occasions as well as the umbrella and the changes in weather. Finally, there are the physical aspects of his life, pauses for urinating, vomiting, and suffering diverse sicknesses, which he hardly permits to interrupt his active lifestyle for more than a few hours (e.g., "Sick but decided to get up" "DN" 45) and which he describes with intense interest, though without any trace of self-pity.

While he thus observes other people around him impartially, he also turns this dispassionate glance towards himself. He studies his moods and reactions in the manner of Zola with the cold diagnostic eye of the physician-naturalist.

Although rarely showing signs of fatigue, he remarks on the "wearisomeness of historic stuff" ("DN" 50), at times declares himself bored ("DN" 47, 116), and frequently suffers from loneliness, gloom and depression ("DN" 41, 61, 101). A moment of true happiness he presents in a humorously detached and self-ironic mode. Walking to La Turbie with Richards he notes:

> I remarked that I am very happy—intensely so.
> G.Rs answer. "The trouble with you is you dont keep
> any of it over." ("DN" 264)

The self which emerges from the pages of the "Diary Notes" thus differs considerably from that of the printed pages of *A Traveler at Forty*. The latter has been reshaped to fit the mold of the gentleman "traveling in style,"[14] a model for the tourist sailing to Europe in the early decades of the 20th century, an amiable guide and companion who, though critical and intelligent, will not exceed certain set boundaries of propriety. The self created by the editorial procedure and the downsizing of the travelogue to correspond with guidebook expectations is a partly fictionalized/conventionalized version of the Dreiserian self. A more rounded, but also, for narrative purposes, consciously refashioned view of his self is offered in the "1st Typescript," which still contains the episodes, descriptions and reflections that were later removed. The "Diary Notes" present the closest version we have of the Dreiserian self, an adventurer with an unexpurgated daily record, coolly observant and hunting his material, which is partly his travels and partly himself.

In *The Boundaries of a Genre: Dostoevsky's* Diary of a Writer *and the Traditions of Literary Utopia*, Gary Saul Morson deals with the relation of theme and form in a work of art. He explains the pleasure of reading to be a result of identifying the structure of a work. Understanding is increased by a process of ordering and assessing the place of structural details. While different genres imply different rules for ordering and selection, the organizing center is always the author. With a quote from Tolstoy, Morson tries to answer the reader's nagging question about the relevance of the material that is recorded by a diary writer and the process by which meaning is constructed:

> In everything . . . I wrote . . . I was guided by the need of collecting ideas which, linked together, would be the expression of myself, though each individual idea, expressed separately in words, loses its meaning; is horribly debased when only one of the links, of which it forms a part, is taken by itself. (qtd. in Morson 43)

I cannot think of any better way of expressing the paradoxical impact of Dreiser's journals of 1911-12. Despite a jumble of seemingly incoherent impressions, the notes achieve a striking unity of effect and a unique single perspective. By juxtaposing the traditionally "literary" and the non-literary material, Dreiser creates a new semiotic level and prevents a conventional (Victorian) reading of his text. Candidly confronting the reader with the grand as well as the small, intimate, often embarrassing details of life and refusing to assign them the customary hierarchy of significance, Dreiser with his notes achieves an intrinsically modern text, anticipating future innovative experiments in writing and subject matter.

Notes

1. For the diaries describing Dreiser's travels in the U.S., see *American Diaries*.

2. Both texts form part of the Theodore Dreiser Papers housed in the Rare Book & Manuscript Library of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. Grateful acknowledgment is made for the permission granted by the Trustees to use these unpublished writings. I also wish to thank Thomas P. Riggio and the present editors of *Dreiser Studies* for helpful comments on my contribution.

3. Dreiser discusses Henry James in chapter 14, p. 233, of the "1st Typescript."

4. For a further discussion of Richards's initial direction, see Bardeleben, "Dreiser's English Virgil."

5. The passage contains some typing errors which have not been reproduced here.

6. Examples: "Write all day" ("DN" 1). "I must have worked this day. I dont recall a thing about it" ("DN" 23).

7. "I must pass over many little things now which at first I thought I would record, for in retrospect they are unimportant" ("1st TS" 264).

8. Chapters from 1 through 16 follow the pattern of days of the week and times of the day. See "1st Typescript," pp. 1, 10, 11, 13, 42, 44, 46, 47, 81, 86, 107, 115, 121, 158, 192, 212, 227, 264.

9. Dostoevsky, *Winter Notes on Summer Impressions.*

10. See Byrd, *The Secret Diary of William Byrd of Westover, 1709-1712*. On Byrd's secret diaries see Bardeleben, "Das Tagebuch des Kolonialen Südens," and Kagle, *American Diary Literature, 1620-1799*, 153-59.

11. When he arranged for his papers to be housed in the Van Pelt Library, he no longer held the holograph manuscript of *Traveler*, but he had been mindful to preserve the "Diary Notes," labeling them as "Property of Theodore Dreiser" and adding, "To be returned to Author upon Request."

12. "It is the year 1842, & in my 27th year, that I am beginning to write this journal. Up to this time it will, of course, be a history of past life, & will therefore, until it becomes *bona fide* a journal, be written in the past tense" (Dana 1: 4).

13. Other diaries which caused a stir at the time were Evelyn's and Byron's (Rosenwald 11).

14. In the "1st Typescript" Dreiser portrays his ideal of the leisured traveler: "I have always wanted to go and I have always said to myself that if I did go [to Europe] it would be comfortably, or not at all. I have a horror of little pinching calculations" (6).

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Sadomasochistic Fantasy in "The Second Choice"

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Judging by recent anthologies, "The Second Choice" is becoming the representative Dreiser short story.[1] It certainly depicts a typically Dreiserian situation: a protagonist who abandons a relationship gone stale for one with a more exciting lover. And it employs a typically Dreiserian narrator who, relying heavily on free indirect discourse, identifies closely with his characters. As the story unfolds, Shirley, a young working-class woman, is remembering how the previous year she chose to jilt the dull, conventional Barton Williams for Arthur Bristow, a dashing stranger representing a future of romance and travel, and how Arthur eventually jilted her in turn. The last third or so of the story carries the plot forward. Shirley, seemingly out of despair, goes back to Barton feeling worthless and forced into a humiliating second choice: " 'But what's the use?' she asked herself wearily and resignedly after a time. 'Why should I cry? Why shouldn't I marry Barton? I don't amount to anything, anyhow' " (162). Echoing the last words of Hurstwood, Shirley apparently commits spiritual suicide.

Despite the story's growing popularity, some readers find it simplistic. Joseph Griffin thinks that "the basic simplicity of [Shirley's] problem, and indeed, of her psychology" (53) keeps "The Second Choice" from being a first-rate work. Susan K. Harris is even more critical. Like Dreiser, Harris contends, Shirley has fallen into "a binary trap" (71); she has "internalized" (73) the stereotype of female passivity and has no

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choice but to confront marriage feeling "alienation and despair" (74).

The story, however, invites a deeper look. F. O. Matthiessen, for one, notes how Shirley "picks up . . . [her life's] old strands again" (181), and Griffin himself detects a curious "resilience" (52) in the last two paragraphs, where Shirley stops whining and helps her mother set the dinner table. Neither Matthiessen nor Griffin account for this resilience, but a psychoanalytic reading can. Shirley is not simply a victim of female stereotypes. Largely by means of fantasy, she has achieved a neurotic compromise between her active and passive tendencies, between her "male" sadism and her "female" masochism. To put it another way, the story deserves its growing stature not because it typifies Dreiser's version of the naturalistic trap but because it depicts a complex young woman adapting the best she can to circumstances.

I

Since the evidence points to May 1918 as the time Dreiser started reading Freud (Rusch 37), about three months after "The Second Choice" came out in *Cosmopolitan* and about three months before a slightly revised version appeared in *Free and Other Stories*, a Freudian reading might seem anachronistic. Only in the 1920s do the terms *sadism* and *masochism* become part of Dreiser's working vocabulary.[2] For instance, in *An American Tragedy* (1925), Clyde Griffiths and Hortense Briggs are both sadomasochists. Hortense's withholding promised sexual delights is "a sadistic trait which had its soil in Clyde's own masochistic yearning for her" (107), yet she too yearns for someone to "force her, even against herself, to yield to him" (101). And while Clyde suffers "a sweet kind of torture" that leaves him "almost nauseated," he wants to "hold her close, kiss her mouth, bite her, even" (85). Dreiser, however, would have been exposed to psychoanalysis no later than 1914, when he moved to Greenwich Village and found Freudianism so much the rage that, as Susan Glaspell recalled, "you could not go out to buy a bun without hearing of someone's complex" (qtd. in Shi 282). By 1916, in *A Hoosier Holiday*, he was speculating

that the sensational lynching in Georgia of Leo Frank, a convicted rapist and murderer, represented "the inversion of the psychoanalyst" (236), the transformation of Southern sexual lust into "blood lust" by "the enforced suppression of very natural desires in another direction" (237). This idea closely resembles the "*suppression and inversion of affects*" Freud describes in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, whereby the "psychic censor" allows a forbidden wish to express itself by its opposite (442; Freud's emphasis).

Two years before *A Hoosier Holiday*, Dreiser was already exploring the central role of fantasy in what is clearly sadomasochistic love. In *The Titan* (1914), Aileen Cowperwood, enraged at her husband Frank's philandering, dreams of avenging herself with a "strong, direct, deliciously brutal [man], like her Frank" (245). She finds such a man in the ne'er-do-well socialite gambler Polk Lynde, who is even "more daring" than Frank and has frequently "taken" women with "an iron hand" (282). In a discarded holograph fragment depicting his assault on Aileen, Lynde is "a pleasing substitute" for Frank. The event has a hallucinatory quality. Aileen thinks that Frank has "always been delightful even when she was most inraged [sic] at him and now in in [sic] this hour of her disertion [sic] of him, as it were he [was] more than ever with her in spirit. She had seen him quite clearly as Lynde had compelled her and now as she stood up moody and uncertain as to what to do or say he was still there."[3] In fusing Lynde and Cowperwood into a composite lover, the fantasy seems to satisfy three wishes—to gratify sexual desire, to punish Frank by making him watch her betrayal, and, as her moodiness under his accusing gaze indicates, to punish herself. Perhaps thinking it too sensational, Dreiser chose not to use this scene in *The Titan*, but he would place a similarly complex sadomasochistic fantasy at a climactic moment of "The Second Choice."

II

Perversions, Louise J. Kaplan writes, "are as much pathologies of gender-role identity as pathologies of sexuality" (128).[4] While the word *sadomasochism* conjures up

images of leather-clad, whip-wielding dominatrixes, Freud granted "a special place in the perversions" to sadism and masochism because they merely exaggerate the active and passive tendencies that "belong to the common traits of the sexual life" (*Three Contributions* 570). Freud did associate sadism with male aggression and masochism with female passivity, yet, in line with his belief in universal human bisexuality, he insisted that "[a] sadist is simultaneously a masochist" (570). Shirley appears stereotypical to some readers because her self-flagellation is so persistent. But her masochism is only the flip side of her active, sadistic, "masculine" impulses.

Shirley is something of a New Woman whose desire for economic and sexual liberation creates inner conflict. Since the early twentieth century, Kaplan argues, a woman reared with a "rigidly dichotomized" notion of gender associates maleness with "phallic" power and femaleness with "castrated" passivity. As an adult striving to compete with men in business and other male-ruled occupations, she may consider her "intellectual and sexual powers as a stolen phallic trophy" and experience her fear of punishment as "massive castration anxiety" (150). To control this anxiety, she will hide her "masculine ambitions" under a "masquerade" of passive "womanliness" (144). Typically, however, Dreiser puts a twist on the normal situation, for Shirley's masquerade enables her to express her "masculine" impulses in the traditional woman's sphere rather than in the rough-and-tumble of business.

Shirley certainly feels guilty for transgressing internalized "rigidly dichotomized" gender roles. A good girl, she has been taught, stands by her man and demonstrates her womanliness by keeping him. "I'm a bad girl," she concludes when she thinks of her "shameful" (149) desertion of Barton. "Her parents must see and know" (149), she thinks, and after much "brooding" she decides to go back to Barton to escape "the eyes of her mother, for one," the gaze embodying her society's negative judgment of "a deserted girl" (151).

A good girl also saves herself for marriage. Part of Shirley's sense of badness likely derives from guilt for her sexual transgression. True, Dreiser never says Shirley has sex with Arthur, perhaps allowing readers of *Cosmopolitan* to

protect their tender sensibilities, but there is little doubt about where the relationship is headed when, on their first evening alone in May, Arthur pounces on Shirley and kisses her passionately again and again. By September, "everything which was worth happening in love had happened" (143), Dreiser coyly announces. Moreover, a good girl's heart belongs to daddy. In taking Arthur as her lover Shirley abandons her father and his kindly Father-God, who requires only "reasonably human conduct" in exchange for a "passport to heaven" (139). First merely pursuing the "commonplace pleasures of her world" (139), she soon finds Arthur, a divine creator of "a world of color and light . . . so transfiguring as to seem celestial" (136-37), a man offering passport to "a new heaven and a new earth" (139), demanding in return only delightful sex.

If, like Kaplan's modern woman, Shirley feels guilty for exercising her sexual power, she has little reason to think of her intellectual powers, exercised in the workplace, as a "stolen phallic trophy." For both her father and her, work resembles traditionally feminine activities—sewing and weaving. Her father is "a pattern-maker by trade" (138), and her life has become a "daily shuttling to and fro between her drug company for which she worked and this street and house" (130); she will always be moving nowhere "in a shuttle-like way," she thinks on the train home near the story's end, "unless she got married" (158). Marriage, then, is not a trap for Shirley but an escape.

It is also, as her own family life reveals, where she can release the active, aggressive impulses stifled by the workplace. Long before his encounter with Freudianism, Dreiser, always a "psychological realist," suggested by means of a few details how Carrie Meeber's early deprivations, especially the absence of a strong father, explain her "potent inner conflicts" and "melancholic" personality (Riggio 25). The few details we have about Shirley's family background are equally revealing. One thing we know is that Shirley's mother has assumed much of the authority traditionally granted fathers: "Her father was . . . a stooped, forbearing, meditative soul, who had rarely anything to say—leaving it all to his wife . . . but who was fond of her [Shirley] in his dull, quiet way" (138). In this story, dominating

characters wield power by controlling words and silencing others, as when Arthur's rejection letter leaves Shirley "dumb with despair" (136). Growing up in a family dominated by her mother's voice, Shirley would likely associate marriage with female power, not passivity. She herself is "an only child and a pet, and used to presuming on that," so even when her parents see her deceiving Barton, they "could not think of saying anything to her" (144).

The mother's power extends to her capacity to fill her family's essential needs. While her parents once seemed "good enough, quite satisfactory, indeed" (138), Arthur brings a "sense of something different" (139) that releases her deep-seated resentment against being "compelled" to "scrimp and work and save" while other girls "had fine clothes, fine homes, a world of pleasure and opportunity in which to move" (138). Shirley mostly blames her quiet, ineffectual father for her deprivations, for he has provided only a "small ordinary home via years of toil and saving, *her mother helping him*" (138-39; emphasis mine). Perhaps partly to blame for the family's circumstances, the mother is yet perceived here as the more active parent, a woman who expends help rather than saving money and thus partly makes up for what her husband lacks. She resembles what psychoanalysts term a "phallic mother." According to Ruth Mack Brunswick, some infants, who first experience the breast as "the executive organ of the active mother" (qtd. in Laplanche and Pontalis 311), later defend against castration anxiety by fantasizing that she possesses a phallus. We know nothing of her infantile fantasies, but as Shirley broods over her deprivations she envisions her mother as an inexhaustible source of nourishment: "Here, in their kitchen, was her mother, a thin, pale, but kindly woman, peeling potatoes and washing lettuce, and putting a bit of steak or a chop or a piece of liver in a frying-pan day after day, morning and evening, month after month, year after year" (138). Her mother's "executive organ" is now her hands rather than the breast, but they remain an unfailing source of nourishment and consolation. Arthur and her father have failed her; her mother never will.

When Shirley goes to the railroad station where Barton works to renew their relationship, she mirrors the "perverse

strategy" (150) of the professional women Kaplan describes. At a deep level, she is expressing her aggressive, masculine desires. Refusing to "die of agony" over the loss of Arthur, she has fantasized about "retaliation": "Why shouldn't she enter upon a gay and heartless career, indulging in a dozen flirtations at once—dancing and killing all thoughts of Arthur in a round of frivolities"? (150). If she has repressed these murderous impulses, the aggression lingers in the consoling thought that "a word, a word" (151) will bring Barton running. Shirley is also assuming the power of Arthur, the God-like bringer of light and creator of a new heaven and earth. Barton "adored her," she thinks, and when she agrees to see him again, she believes his face lights up because her return means "heaven" (156) for him. Whether or not one wishes to call her self-abasement castration anxiety, she pays for her aggressive impulses by pathologically degrading herself and by masquerading as the charming maiden "to save her face before her parents, and her future" (161). Prettying herself up to bring back "her former charm" (152) and pretending to run into Barton by accident at the telegraph office where he works—a "wile of hers in the old days" (151)—she wears the smiling mask of the ingénue to cover her largely unconscious aggression and her conscious masochistic feelings—"the shame and pain that comes of deception, the agony of having to relinquish an ideal and the feeling of despair that comes to those who find themselves in the position of suppliants, stooping to something which in better days and better fortune they would not know" (152). Thinking of herself in the "stooped" (138) posture of her passive, silent father, she controls the entire situation. It is Barton who becomes erect. When Shirley sees that her entrance makes him rise "instantly to his feet" (153), that her "least favor" has "lifted him up" (156), and that her "least nod" will make him "come" (155), she has turned him into the visible signifier of her potency.

III

With Arthur, Shirley's sadomasochism organizes her sexual feelings. Once he leaves, she seeks a way to sustain her perverse pleasure with Barton. Her progress roughly parallels

the three stages Freud defined in his 1915 essay "Instincts and Their Vicissitudes." First comes a sadistic stage consisting of "the exercise of violence or power" on another person; next comes a reversal of the active aim to a passive one and a turning around onto the self of the desire to hurt or master; finally comes the finding of another person to assume the sadistic role. In this third stage, the masochistic ego continues to gain gratification by identifying with the sadist, "placing itself in phantasy back in its former situation" (70-71), while the sadist who enjoys "inflicting pain upon others" also enjoys that pain "masochistically . . . through his identification of himself with the suffering object" (71-72). By means of fantasy and identification, pain and pleasure circulate freely as subject and object flicker, blend, and blur in a rapid exchange of position.

Shirley's initial sadism, the only child's dominance of her parents, extends to her mastery over Barton before Arthur's arrival. Like her father, Barton is a "shy, phlegmatic, obedient [man], waiting long and patiently for each little favor" (144). He keeps "asking her to marry him"; she, Hortense like, keeps allowing him "to half assume that she would" (139). After she has taken up with Arthur, Barton becomes an object of hatred simply because he promises to satisfy what Freud calls the "ego instincts," those associated with self-preservation. Hate, Freud writes, originates when the child begins inevitably to look outward for gratification and experiences objects from "the alien external world" ("Instincts" 79) as painful intrusions into the ego's primal narcissism, that perfectly gratifying infantile union with the mother. Compared to "the perfection of love" (144) she has known with Arthur, Barton promises mere self-preservation: "They could live in about the state her parents were living in–or a little better, not much–and would never want" (159). Barton has become an alien object, one who in satisfying her basic needs reminds her of the perfect pleasure she has lost. "She did not," Shirley thinks, "exactly hate [Barton] because she had found Arthur—not at all. She still liked him in a way" (141). This is a classic instance of what Freud terms "negation," a disavowal that allows a repressed wish or idea to break into consciousness (Laplanche and Pontalis 262-63). In denying her hatred, Shirley admits it. She feels "sorry for him" (142) at

times, but pity is not the reverse of sadism; rather, it is a "*reaction-formation* against that instinct" that eases guilt (Freud, "Instincts" 72).

Shirley briefly enters the masochistic second stage when, stirred sexually by Arthur, she turns her sadistic aggression upon herself. At the first sight of the handsome stranger, she feels "surprise and strange, almost ineffable delight," and when he flatters her on the dance floor she "had nearly fainted with delight" (140). Although Arthur has "taken possession of her" (140) by the end of the evening, she will not admit her "almost mad" desire to her friend Mabel, "[a]nd for this bit of treason she had sighed in her dreams nearly all night" (140). Shirley is sighing with the pain of unsatisfied lust (which is why her later fantasy of retaliation involves making men "sigh for her" [150]). If her "treason" is against Arthur, it is also against the father he replaces and the loyal lover she is betraying. Her psychic sensor is at work binding sexual pleasure and emotional pain, making her pay in the coin of guilt and desire for satisfying a forbidden wish.

As Shirley becomes increasingly intimate with Arthur, he becomes the actively sadistic other of the third stage. When he first calls at her home, she is "unable to eat anything or to think of anything but him" (143). But if she cannot eat, she can be eaten. Proclaiming her "twice as sweet" as he thought, Arthur virtually devours her as soon as he gets inside the door: "And then, in the little entryway, behind the closed door, he had held her and kissed her on the mouth a dozen times while she pretended to push against his coat and struggle and say that her parents might hear" (143). Like Aileen Cowperwood, Shirley only pretends to resist a virtual rape while imagining the presence of disapproving others to increase both the titillation and the guilt.

Later, when he does take her virginity, Arthur mixes mild physical pain with intense sexual pleasure: "And then he had slipped his arm about her and kissed her cheek and neck, and *tweaked her ear* and smoothed her hair . . ." (144; emphasis mine). As long as their intimacy lasts, Arthur remains the sadistic aggressor, "masterful and eager, rifling her of kisses and caresses and every delight of love, and teasing and playing with

her as a cat would a mouse" (145). The cause of "sexual excitement," Otto F. Kernberg writes, "is originally a teasing object, the sensually stimulating and frustrating mother" (128); teasing reveals "the intimate connection between exhibitionism and sadism, the wish to excite and frustrate the significant other" (27). Arthur teases Shirley much as she has teased Barton, and to some degree he reincarnates the mother who has alternately fulfilled and denied her needs.

Shirley suffers most from an intense fear of abandonment. On the very night that Arthur first kisses her, Shirley feels the "slight pain" (143) of fear that he might not want her. Though he is "not exactly cruel or selfish," he is "gay and unthinking at times, *unconsciously* so," and in these moods he continually talks of a future without her, filling her with a "dreadful sense of helplessness and of impending disaster" (145; emphasis mine). Arthur's first failure to keep a date is "an awful blow," making her feel "as if the whole world had suddenly been reduced to ashes" (147). She is "agonized" by his growing indifference and suffers "the agony of the long days" (148) of his ever-lengthening absences. The masochist tolerates such agony not for the pain itself but for the pleasure inextricably bound up with it (Freud, "Instincts" 71). Shirley endures the pain in hopes of another "glorious interlude" (146) like her first one: "—and oh, there on the grass, with the spring flowers about her and a canopy of small green leaves above, the perfection of love had come—love so wonderful that the mere thought of it made her eyes brim now!" (144).

In her masochistic position, Shirley loses control over the words that represent her integrity and power. Arthur takes "possession" of her largely by means of his narrative power: "And as he had looked at her and smiled and narrated humorous bits of things that had happened to him, something had come over her—a spell" (140). After leaving her for good, he declines in his farewell letter to return her letters to him and concludes by recalling intimate moments, begging her to "think of me . . . wherever you go and whatever you do," and holding out the hope of future communication: "If so, and you would want them, I'll send you some cards from [Java]—if they have any" (136). Still the cat teasing and tormenting the mouse, he

promises and withholds the words that might heal the wound.

IV

As Shirley knows, she is pretty and doesn't have to settle for any man who will have her. She chooses Barton because he has always readily fit into what Ethel S. Person, in *By Force of Fantasy*, calls a "generative fantasy" (96). Generative fantasies are means of constructing reality, not escaping it. They give hope, providing "a tentative life plan" (98) and "valuable imaginative rehearsals for an experience one is not quite ready to enter into in full" (107). Shirley's generative fantasy opposes the nomadic life represented by Arthur, who has run off to work on a Java coffee plantation. Near the story's climax, she thinks that marriage "was the only future she had ever contemplated really, a home, children, the love of some man whom she could love as she loved Arthur" (159). Earlier, when Arthur tells about his dreams of roaming the world without her, she tries to insert her own fantasy into his:

> She began, timidly at first (and always, for that matter), to ask him pretty, seeking questions about himself and her, whether their future was certain to be together, whether he really wanted her—loved her—whether she wouldn't look nice in a pearl satin wedding-dress with a long creamy veil and satin slippers and a bouquet of bridal-wreath. (145)

The fantasy has been all "in connection with Barton" until "all thought of the import of it had been transferred to [Arthur]" (146-47). Now Shirley transfers the import of Arthur back to Barton, modifying her original generative fantasy to make Barton again seem the "love-match" (139) she has once imagined him to be.

Her problem is to deal with the contempt she feels not only for herself but for Barton. She thinks of herself as "the leavings of others," yet knows she could summon him by "crook[ing] a finger": "He was so simple, so good-natured, so stolid and matter of fact, so different to Arthur whom (*she could not help smiling at the thought of it*) she was loving now about as Barton loved her—slavishly, hopelessly" (150; emphasis mine). The

solution to her problem is already evident here. Besides revealing the irony of it all, Shirley's smile expresses sadomasochistic pleasure in her middle position, as she identifies in fantasy with both her master and her slave. Her final compromise will consist of a return to this position.

Her thoughts and emotions, however, follow a devious route. As the passage quoted earlier shows, once Arthur has actually left her "in a fit of numb despair," she first imagines including Barton in her sadistic "retaliation," a promiscuous life of "a dozen flirtations at once." This is a "flash" fantasy, one of those "on-off flickerings of intense affect-laden imagery that are common to us all" and that quickly "get lost in the cacophony of . . . the 'stream of consciousness' " (Person 19); it contradicts her generative fantasy of a traditional marriage and thus creates a counter sadomasochistic fantasy more in line with her deepest wishes. She has "self-reproaching thoughts" about abusing Barton, but in "her pain" at the loss of Arthur she recalls Barton's devotion, how in the past "he had not failed to come and come" (150) until she drove him away. In fantasy, the sadomasochist denies the relation between pain and further loss: "So if the masochist says, 'Do anything you want to me but don't leave me,' the sadist proclaims, 'I can do anything I want to you and you'll still always be there' " (Bach 86). Arthur has never made her feel "their future was certain to be together," but she has tolerated the pain rather than lose him; Barton is "so faithful . . . slow and certain in his choosing" (152) that she can hate him without anxiety. "You couldn't kill me, you know" (153), he responds to her polite inquiry about his health. From this point on, Shirley unconsciously reconstitutes Barton as a worthy mate even as she berates herself as a worthless victim.

Shirley transforms Barton primarily through what Freud calls the "dream-work," characterized by the mechanisms of displacement and condensation. The same year he published "The Second Choice," Dreiser had struck up a friendship with A. A. Brill, Freud's American translator and disciple and himself a well known psychoanalyst. In his copy of the 1918 edition of Brill's *Psychanalysis*, Dreiser marked a number of passages on dreams.[5] The seeming absurdities of dreams, he

noted, are due to condensation and displacement, the first producing "all kinds of composites such as composite pictures and collective personalities" (47). Aileen Cowperwood hallucinates a composite Polk Lynde/Frank Cowperwood; Shirley does much the same with her two lovers.

Unable to kill thoughts of Arthur, Shirley brings him back in fantasy. When she boards the train on her way to Barton, she sees in the crowd "so many pairs like Arthur and herself laughing and hurrying away or so she felt" (152). If there are many Arthurs in her drab world, this fantasy seems to suggest, then there is cause for hope.

Her dream-work intensifies when she boards the train for home after leaving Barton. She seems unaware of her own motives and finds herself subjected to the hypnotic rhythms of the train: " 'What have I just done? What am I doing?' she kept asking herself as the clacking wheels on the rails fell into a rhythmic dance and the houses of the brown, dry, endless city fled past in a maze' " (157). She then begins to fantasize that after her marriage Arthur might "return and want me again—suppose! Suppose!" (157). The sight of a river flowing "away, away to the huge deep sea which she and Arthur had enjoyed so much" makes her yearn to be "in a small boat" with Arthur "and drift out, out into the endless, restless, pathless deep" (158). Like her earlier fantasy of promiscuity, this flash fantasy doesn't fit her generative fantasy. She must bring Arthur into the here and now, so she thinks of how they once rode on this very train "on just such an evening as this" (158). Then she substitutes "straightforward" Barton for the aimless drifter Arthur in her generative fantasy: "Oh, Arthur! Arthur! And now Barton was to take his old place again—forever, no doubt" (158). By insisting that the marriage "must be—forever now" (158), Shirley defends against the threat of Arthur's actual return: "But there must be no turning back now, either. There was no other way. If Arthur ever came back—but *fear not*, he wouldn't!" (158-59; emphasis mine). The context suggests a Freudian slip, an unconscious fear erupting into consciousness.

With the real Arthur out of the way, Shirley begins to consider her sex life with Barton. On the surface, she is depressed by the idea: "No doubt there would be children,

because he craved them—several of them—and that would take up her time, long years of it—the sad, gray years!" (159). Because Shirley thinks of *several* children, however, she may be projecting onto Barton her own cravings for the children she would have "thrilled to bear" with Arthur, who "would be no more, a mere memory—think of that!—and Barton, the dull, the commonplace, would have achieved his finest dream—and why?" (159). Her answer—"Because love was a failure for her" (159)—does not explain. More likely, Shirley must keep Arthur "a mere memory" because his return in the flesh would threaten *her* finest dream.

As a memory, Arthur can be summoned at will to bring the sexual excitement she craves. In one of the story's critical turns, Shirley decides "[s]he would never love any one again as she had Arthur. . . . Always, always, wherever she might be, whoever she might marry, he would be coming back, intruding between her and any possible love, receiving any possible kiss. It would be Arthur she would be loving or kissing" (159). In fantasy, she will indeed love this new composite lover as she has never loved Arthur, not just masochistically but sadomasochistically, for she now gives herself the active role of "loving" and "kissing" while reducing the "intruding" Arthur to the passive role of "receiving." In the sadomasochist's "erotic haze," Bach explains, "events take on a hyperreal and hallucinatory quality that makes them seem larger and more compelling than reality itself" (87). In an erotic haze, Shirley, wiping her tears away, can virtually—"(so deep is romance)"—see Arthur at the train station "to welcome her, to soothe her weary heart" (160). Reality naturally disappoints her, but to the extent that she can sustain the erotic fantasy, in her sexual life, at least, there will no longer be a separate Arthur or a Barton, but, as their overlapping names suggest, a composite B*art*hur or *Art*hon.

From this point on, Shirley's resistance to marrying Barton repeatedly breaks down under the pressure of unconscious desires. As the train approaches her neighborhood, the houses begin to look "all alike" and she again feels trapped: "Oh, dreadful! She could never escape it really, now that she could endure it less, scarcely for another hour. And yet she must,

must, for the sake of—for the sake of—she closed her eyes and dreamed" (160). This passage is highly ambiguous. What "must" she do—escape or endure? And for whose "sake," Arthur's or Barton's? Logically, she must escape for Arthur's sake and endure for Barton's, but the broken syntax and retreat into dream reveal that the two are now hardly separable in her mind. The fact that things begin to seem "all alike" further suggests the distortions of condensation.

At the heart of every dream, Freud claims, is the satisfaction of a wish. At the climactic moment, Shirley's deepest wish almost breaks into consciousness: "She decided that she would not [marry Barton]. No, no, no! There must be some other way—many ways. She did not have to do this unless she really wished to—would not—only—. Then going to the mirror she looked at her face and smoothed her hair" (163). Here it is finally—"unless she really wished to." Marrying Barton is what she truly desires and what her erotic fantasy has made possible. The gesture of smoothing the head in Dreiser's works is always associated with the easing of emotional pain.[6] Shirley has found her own way of easing her pain and perhaps sees in the mirror an image of her restored wholeness.

Still, her neurotic compromise depends on continued suffering. She has always loved Arthur "about as Barton loved her—slavishly, hopelessly." Now, in one last burst of self-loathing, she proclaims, "I don't amount to anything, anyhow. . . . I wanted Arthur, and he wouldn't have me. I don't want Barton, and he crawls at my feet. I'm a failure, that's what's the matter with me" (163). As the middle term between the egotistical Arthur and the groveling Barton, she can, by means of identification, enjoy the pleasure of both the sadist and the masochist. And when she kisses Barton, she will be kissing Arthur in fantasy, both dominating him and keeping him ever present as "the beloved, the lost" and thus making the wound throb afresh with sadomasochistic pleasure.

V

The adequacy of this neurotic compromise remains in doubt to the story's end, for the sadomasochist is "doomed" to

relate to others as "part-objects or self-objects in a world of one's own creation"(Bach 87). As long as Shirley thinks of Barton as "an easy object for her blandishments" (151) and a means "to cover up her own dilemma" (149), she will be doomed to a life without intimacy. Yet there is some basis for optimism. Shirley's identification with Barton may eventually become true empathy, and Barton may turn out not to be such a cipher after all. If Arthur's sadistic love has been "so wonderful" (144), Barton's may be also: "It was *wonderful* how he longed to be with her, how the least favor from her comforted and lifted him up" (156; emphasis mine). Seeming to pick up on these thoughts, Barton feels a stirring of aggressiveness: "[N]ow it occurred to him that perhaps he had not pursued her enough—was too easily put off" (156). Shirley wants to be taken, and Barton just may have the stuff to do it.

The most hopeful sign is Shirley's pitching in to help her mother with dinner in the story's last brief scene. In its "preliminary stages" Freud says, love reveals itself in "temporary sexual aims," the first of which is "the phase of incorporating or devouring, a type of love which is compatible with abolition of any separate existence on the part of the object, and which may therefore be designated ambivalent" (82). Dreiser consistently presents sadomasochistic pleasure in images of eating. Aileen finds Frank "deliciously brutal" and Clyde's masochistic nausea derives from "a sweet kind of torture." If Shirley's easy "triumph" over Barton at first tastes "ashenlike," like "dead-sea fruit," her "intense nausea" (157) quickly passes.

Cues for reading the ending lie in the story's beginning. In both the holograph and the *Cosmopolitan* versions, the story begins with a description of Shirley holding Arthur's rejection letter; the letter itself is never given. In *Free, and other Stories*, however, the story opens with the text of the letter. Arthur writes that he does not want to return six of Shirley's letters and that he is "too restless and too young" for her (135). Beneath the apparent tenderness, however, Arthur reveals a desire to entrap and devour. He wants to "dab [her letters] with musk and ambergris and keep them in a little silver box, always beside me" (135). Her letters "are the most precious and delicious

things I have" (135), and he uses the word "sweet" five times in relation to her, once referring to memories of her as "some little bit of you [that] comes back—a dear sweet bit" (135-36). Arthur has first dominated Shirley by narrating "humorous bits of things that had happened to him," and as long as he retains some "sweet bit" of her, Shirley will be, to use Kaplan's terminology, emotionally castrated, trapped in her grief and eaten up with longing.

This letter gives significance to what immediately follows as Shirley, sitting in her "little bedroom" (137) looking out over her neighborhood, sees the "scene" as "typical" (137-38) of her confining workaday world. Yet Dreiser is careful to intrude in his free indirect discourse the authorial comment that "there [are] no fences in Bethune Street" (137), suggesting paradoxically that Shirley's real confinement lies in her fixation on the free-wheeling Arthur. And when she thinks of her mother as "putting *a bit of steak or a chop or a piece of liver* in a frying-pan day after day" (138; emphasis mine), she unconsciously acknowledges that conventional marriage means actively feeding others rather than being passively devoured bit by bit.

These implications recur at the story's end. When she returns home after meeting Barton, Shirley at first shows little interest when her father asks if she wants "steak or liver" (160) for dinner. "Oh, it doesn't matter," she replies. A few minutes later her mother, reversing the alternatives, asks, "Would you rather have liver or steak to-night, dear?" This time, Shirley does choose, seemingly at random: " 'Oh, anything—nothing—please don't bother—steak will do—anything'—if only she could get rid of her and be at rest" (161). I don't know Dreiser's gustatory preferences, but most of us would probably agree that *this* second choice, steak over liver, though seemingly unmotivated, represents her real preference, just as her choice of Barton does. As in the story's beginning, Shirley looks out the window and broods about "the darkness of the future," leading up to her question, "What should she do? What should she really do?" (161). In revising the passage, Dreiser added that she "stared at her future fixedly" (161). The addition emphasizes that what she sees out that window—a wife "getting her dinner

as usual, just as her own mother was now," the woman's husband "reading the evening paper," and another husband "in his yard, cutting the grass" (162)—is not a fixed life but a life of peaceful, satisfying activity implying what she "should really do," though momentarily the thought "choked and stifled her" (162).

Her last conscious self-judgment—"I'm a failure, that's what's the matter with me" (162)—is belied by those curious last two paragraphs:

> And then, turning up her sleeves and removing a fichu which stood out too prominently from her breast, she went into the kitchen and, looking about for an apron, observed:
>
> "Can't I help? Where's the tablecloth?" and finding it among napkins and silverware in a drawer in the adjoining room, proceeded to set the table.

Shirley is no longer passively brooding but acting purposefully in communion with her mother and rehearsing her future life with Barton, whom she has first seen that day as a "stolid, genial figure at a table" (152). In taking off the fichu, she ends her masquerade. Barton has invited her to a play entitled "The Mouse-Trap" (155), but the image is ironic. There are, after all, "no fences in Bethune Street." Shirley's opening the silverware drawer in the story's last paragraph neatly balances Arthur's intention in the very first paragraph to lock bits of her up "in a little silver box." Shirley has avoided a trap and chosen a kind of freedom. If Barton is now her second choice, he was also her first choice. He is "intensely hungry" (153) for her. And as Shirley goes about setting the dinner table, her resilience signals her own renewed appetite for life. If the first stirring of a desire to devour represents what Freud says it does, "The Second Choice" cannot be a tale of alienation and despair. It just might, however, be a love story.

Notes

1. James T. Farrell ignored "The Second Choice" in his 1947 collection *The Best Short Stories of Theodore Dreiser*. T.D. Nostwich does include it, with twelve other stories, in *Theodore Dreiser:*

Fulfillment and Other Tales of Women and Men (Santa Rosa: Black Sparrow, 1992). James Nagel and Tom Quirk have included it along with "Curious Shifts of the Poor" in *The Portable American Realism Reader* (New York: Penguin, 1997). It is the only Dreiser story in at least one major college anthology, George and Barbara Perkins's *The American Tradition in Literature* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1999).

2. The fullest treatment of Dreiser and Freud is still Ellen Moers's *Two Dreisers* (New York: Viking, 1969), 256-70. She does not, however, offer evidence, as Rusch does, for the precise dating of Dreiser's reading of Freud. For other stories from the 1920s dealing with sadomasochism, see "Lucia" in *A Gallery of Women* and "The 'Mercy' of God" in *Chains*.

3. I am grateful to Nancy Shawcross, Curator of Manuscripts, and the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania for permission to quote from Dreiser's manuscript, located in the Theodore Dreiser Papers, Rare Book & Manuscript Library, University of Pennsylvania.

4. I wish to thank Miriam Gogol and Donald Pizer for reading this essay in an early version and for making many useful suggestions. Miriam Gogol has my additional gratitude for generously sharing with me her own research for a book on the myth of female masochism in late-nineteenth and early-twentieth-century American literature.

5. Dreiser's heavily marked-up copy of *Psychoanalysis* is in his library at the University of Pennsylvania. I wish to thank Nancy Shawcross, Dan Traister, and the staff at Penn's Rare Book Room for allowing me to examine this and the rest of Dreiser's books.

6. The most memorable instance occurs early in *Dawn* in the famous passage telling of "the birth of sympathy and tenderness" in the young Theodore. In self-pity, the boy's mother shows him the hole in her shoes, reducing him to tears: "I smoothed her shoes and cried. I recall her taking me up and holding me affectionately against her breast and smoothing my head" (New York: Horace Liveright, 1931) 19.

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Rusch, Frederic E. "Dreiser's Introduction to Freudianism." *Dreiser Studies* 18.2 (1987): 43-46.

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A Dreiser Checklist, 1992

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This checklist supplements *Theodore Dreiser: A Primary Bibliography and Reference Guide*, by Donald Pizer, Richard W. Dowell, and Frederic E. Rusch (Boston: G. K. Hall, 1991). It attempts to include all significant primary and secondary works published in 1992. It does not include publications in which Dreiser is given only passing mention, nor does it include reviews of secondary sources. It represents the work of two persons. Shane Elder, a graduate-student at the University of North Carolina-Wilmington, created the initial list. Stephen C. Brennan later created a separate list, reconciled the two, and edited the bibliography for publication.

In the interest of speedy publication, the editors of *Dreiser Studies* have decided to publish this update without annotations. An additional update in the next issue will bring the bibliography up through 1997. The bibliography will also be published on the journal's website: http://www.uncwil.edu/dreiser/studies.htm

For cross-referencing, each item in the checklist is preceded by an alphanumeric or numeric identifier that essentially follows the system used by Pizer, Dowell, and Rusch in *Theodore Dreiser: A Primary Bibliography and Reference Guide*. Cross-references are also provided parenthetically in untitled reviews after the title of the book being reviewed.

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A. *Books, Pamphlets, Leaflets, and Broadsides*

A92.1 Dreiser, Theodore. *Fulfillment and Other Tales of Women and Men*. Ed. T.D. Nostwich. Santa Rosa, CA: Black Sparrow, 1992.

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A92.2 ---. *Jennie Gerhardt*. Ed. James L.W. West III. Philadelphia: U of Pennsylvania P, 1992.

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D92.1 Dreiser, Theodore. "Indiana: Her Soil and Light." *These United States: Portraits of America From the 1920s*. Ed. Daniel H. Borus. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1992. 120-27.

D92.2 ---. "A Mayor and His People." *Rebels and Reactionaries: An Anthology of Great Political Stories*. Ed. Mitchell Cohen. New York: Dell, 1992.

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92.6 Gammel, Irene. "Two Odysseys of 'Americanization': Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* and Grove's *A Search for America*." *Studies in Canadian Literature* 17.2 (1992): 129-47.

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92.8 Gerber, Philip. *Theodore Dreiser Revisited*. Twayne's United States Authors Series 523. New York: Twayne, 1992.

92.9 ---. Review of *Theodore Dreiser: Heard in the Corridors* (1988.43) and *Theodore Dreiser: Journalism, Volume One* (1988.51). *Resources for American Literary Study* 18 (1992): 170-78.

92.10 Giles, Paul. "Isolation and Integration: Theodore Dreiser and James T. Farrell." *American Catholic Arts and Fictions: Culture, Ideology, Aesthetics*. Cambridge Studies in American Literature and Culture 58. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1992.

134-68.

92.11 Hapke, Laura. *Tales of the Working Girl: Wage-Earning Women in American Literature 1890-1925*. New York: Twayne, 1992.

92.12 Holdefer, Charles. "Finding a Voice for Sexual Experience in *Sister Carrie* and *Jennie Gerhardt*." *Voix et Langages aux Etats Unis I.* Groupe de Recherche et d'Etudes Nord Americaines. Pref. Serge Richard. Provence: Pubs. de l'Univ. de Provence, 1992. 53-66.

92.13 Humma, John B. "*Sister Carrie* and Thomas Hardy, Regained." *Dreiser Studies* 23.1 (1992): 8-26.

92.14 Kinsaul, Lucia A. "The Rudest American Author: Grant Richards' Assessment of Theodore Dreiser." *Dreiser Studies* 23.1 (1992): 27-37.

92.15 Lingeman, Richard. "Mencken and Dreiser: Friends, When Speaking." *New York Times Book Review* 8 March 1992: 1, 25, 27, 29.

92.16 McNamara, K.R. "The Ames of the Good Society: *Sister Carrie* and Social Engineering." *Criticism* 34 (1992): 217-35.

92.17 Mizuguchi, Shigeo. "Addenda and Corrigenda to *Theodore Dreiser: A Primary Bibliography and Reference Guide*: Japanese Translations of Writings by Theodore Dreiser." *Dreiser Studies* 23.1 (1992): 38-41.

92.18 Morelli-White, Nan. " 'When Waters Engulf Us We Reach for a Star': Psychomachic Struggle in Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*." *Dreiser Studies* 23.2 (1992): 13-27.

92.19 Mort, John. Review of *Fulfillment and Other Tales of Women and Men* (A92.1). *Booklist* 89.3 (1992): 197.

92.20 Moss, Marilyn Ann. "Theodore Dreiser." *A Sourcebook of American Literary Journalism: Representative Writers in an Emerging Genre*. New York: Greenwood, 1992. 143-50.

92.21 Newlin, Keith. "Expressionism Takes the Stage: Dreiser's 'Laughing Gas'." *Journal of American Drama and Theatre* 4.1 (1992): 5-22.

92.22 Pizer, Donald. "American Naturalism in Its 'Perfected' State: *The Age of Innocence* and *An American Tragedy*." *Edith Wharton: New Critical Essays*. Ed. Alfred Bendixen and Annette Zilversmit. Garland Reference Library of the Humanities 914. New York: Garland, 1992. 127-41.

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92.25 ---, and Nancy Warner Barrineau. "1990 Supplement to *Theodore Dreiser: A Primary Bibliography and Reference Guide*." *Dreiser Studies* 23.2 (1992): 28-37.

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92.27 Schnackertz, Hermann Josef. *Darwinismus und Literarischer Diskurs: Der Dialog mit der Evolutionsbiologie in der Englischen und Amerikanischen Literatur. E. Bulwer-Lytton, S. Butler, J. Conrad, Ch. Darwin, Th. Dreiser, G. Gissing, H. Spencer, K. Vonnegut, H. G. Wells*. Munich: Wilhelm Fink, 1992.

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92.30 Tieck, William A. *The Locale of Theodore Dreiser's Kingsbridge Experience*. New York: Kingsbridge Historical Society, 1992.

92.31 West, James L.W., III. "C. B. De Camp and *Jennie Gerhardt*." *Dreiser Studies* 23.1 (1992): 2-7.

92.32 Zaluda, Scott. "Hurstwood and Tammany, 'An All-Controlling Power'." *Dreiser Studies* 23.2 (1992): 3-12.

Index to Volumes 26-30

This index is a five-year supplement to the index of volumes 1-25 of the *Dreiser Newsletter* and *Dreiser Studies* that appeared in the Spring 1996 issue of *Dreiser Studies* (26.1). It is divided into three parts: a subject index, a list of books reviewed, and an index of contributors. The subject index lists articles under the names of Dreiser's works; the heading "Miscellaneous" lists those articles not chiefly about a single Dreiser work. A separate heading, "Publication of Dreiser's Works," lists the first publication of a Dreiser manuscript. Reviews of books appear under the name of the author or editor of the book, with the reviewer's name given in parentheses in the citation. In the Index of Contributors, reviews are grouped separately and cited after other contributions by the contributor. This index, as well as the index to volumes 1-25, will also be published on the *Dreiser Studies* website: http://www.uncwil.edu/dreiser/studies.htm.

A. Subject Index

An American Tragedy

St. Jean, Shawn. "Social Deconstruction and *An American Tragedy*." 28.1 (Spring 1997): 3-24.

Town, Caren J. "Voicing the Tragedy: Narrative Conflicts in Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*." 26.2 (Fall 1995): 12-29.

Wilson, Kenneth E. "A New Historicist Reading of Dreiser's Fiction: Money, Labor, and Ideals." 26.1 (Spring 1995): 11-19.

The Bulwark

Brennan, Stephen C. "Humanism in Dreiser's *The Bulwark*." 27.2 (Fall 1996): 22-38.

Checklist and Index

Elder, Shane, Frederic E. Rusch, and Stephen C. Brennan. "A Dreiser Checklist, 1991." 30.2 (Fall 1999): 39-55.

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Tyler, Danielle. "Index to Volumes 1-25." 26.1 (Spring 1995): 33-56.

Dreiser Looks at Russia

Wolff, Andrea. "Dreiser Constructs Russia." 27.1 (Spring 1996): 20-35.

The Financier

Jett, Kevin. "Vision and Revision: Another Look at the 1912 and 1927 Editions of Dreiser's *The Financier*." 29.1-2 (Spring/ Fall 1998): 51-73.

The 'Genius'

St. Jean, Shawn. "'Whom the Gods Would Destroy': 'Pagan' Identity and Sexuality in *The 'Genius'*." 29.1-2 (Spring/Fall 1998): 34-50.

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Frederickson, Kathy. "Dreiser's *The Girl in the Coffin*, or What's Death Got To Do With It?" 27.1 (Spring 1996): 3-19.

Jennie Gerhardt

Brennan, Stephen C. "Gender, Language, and Self in *Jennie Gerhardt*." 26.2 (Fall 1995): 3-11.

"McEwen of the Shining Slave-Makers"

"Roberts, Ian F. "Thesis and (Ant)ithesis: Dreiser's 'McEwen of the Shining Slave-Makers' and the Game of Life." 28.2 (Fall 1997): 34-43.

Miscellaneous

Barrineau, Nancy Warner. "Theodore Dreiser and *Martin Dressler*: Tales of American Dreamers." 30.1 (Spring 1999): 35-45.

Hussman, Lawrence. "My Time With Marguerite Tjader." 29.1-2 (Spring/Fall 1998): 3-17.

Moroskina, Eugenia. "Dreiser and Schopenhauer: The Concept of Desire." 28.2 (Fall 1997): 22-33.

Mulligan, Roark. "Monetary Reductions in New Historicist Readings of Dreiser." 26.1 (Spring 1995): 20-32.

Pizer, Donald. " 'The Logic of My Life and Work': Another Look at Dreiser's July 20, 1945, Letter to William Z. Foster." 30.2 (Fall 1999): 24-34.

News and Notes

26.2 (Fall 1995): 51.

27.2 (Fall 1996): 48.

28.1 (Spring 1997): 52

29.1-2 (Spring/Fall 1998): 87-88.
30.1 (Spring 1999): 54-57.
30.2 (Fall 1999): 61-63.

"On the Banks of the Wabash"

Loranger, Carol S., and Dennis Loranger. "Collaborating on 'The Banks of the Wabash': A Brief History, of an Interdisciplinary Debate, Some New Evidence, and a Reflexive Consideration of Turf and Ownership." 30.1 (Spring 1999): 3-20.

Publication of Dreiser's Works

Auerbach, Jonathan. "Dreiser on Prohibition." 30.1 (Fall 1999): 35-38.

Kucharski, Judith. "Dreiser Looks at Longfellow." 26.2 (Fall 1995): 30-33.

Text of "The Homes of Longfellow." 26.2 (Fall 1995): 34-47.

Riggio, Thomas P. "The Dream Life of Theodore Dreiser." 28.2 (Fall 1997): 3-21.

---. " 'Gold Teeth': A Minor American Tragedy." 27.2 (Fall 1996): 3-7.

Text of "Gold Teeth." 27.2 (Fall 1996): 34-21.

Sister Carrie

Bassis, Irena. "Notable Elements in the Translation of *Sister Carrie* into Russian." 28.1 (Spring 1997): 35-51.

Gerber, Philip. "An American Document: *Sister Carrie* Revisited." 30.2 (Fall 1999): 3-23.

Hussman, Lawrence E. "The World According to Timothy Titcomb: Putting *Sister Carrie* into Context." 28.1 (Spring 1997): 25-34.

Lewis, Charles R. "Desire and Indifference in *Sister Carrie*: Neoclassical Economic Anticipations." 29.1-2 (Spring/Fall 1998): 18-33.

Loranger, Carol S. " 'Character and Success': Teaching *Sister Carrie* in the Context of an On-going American Debate." 29.1-2 (Spring/Fall 1998): 74-84.

Murayama, Kiyohiko. "Is *Sister Carrie* Really Not Anti-Capitalism at All? Dreiser's Criticism of Capitalism." 26.1 (Spring1995): 3-10.

West, James L. W., III. "The Chapter Titles in *Sister Carrie*: A Problem in Dating." 27.2 (Fall 1996): 39-43.

The Stoic

Emmert, Scott D. "Dreiser's Metaphor: *The Stoic* and Cowperwood's Tomb." 30.1 (Spring 1999): 21-34.

B. List of Books Reviewed

Dreiser, Theodore. *Dawn*. Ed. T. D. Nostwich. 30.1 (Spring 1999): 47-48. (Jerome Loving)

---. *Dreiser's Russian Diary*. Ed. Thomas P. Riggio and James L. W. West III. 27.2 (Fall 1996): 44-46. (Bruce DeHart)

---. *Sister Carrie*. Ed. John C. Berkey, Alice M. Winters, James L. W. West III, and Neda M. Westlake. [paper reissue] New Introduction by Thomas P. Riggio. 28.2 (Fall 1997): 47-48. (Nancy Warner Barrineau)

---. *Theodore Dreiser's Ev'ry Month*. Ed. Nancy Warner Barrineau. 27.2 (Fall 1996): 46-48. (Laura Hapke)

---. *Twelve Men*. Ed. Robert Coltrane. 30.1 (Spring 1999): 46-47. (Jerome Loving)

Eby, Clare. *Dreiser and Veblen: Saboteurs of the Status Quo*. 30.1 (Spring 1999): 52-53. (Laura Hapke)

Eastman, Yvette. *Dearest Wilding: A Memoir*. Edited by Thomas P. Riggio. 26.2 (Fall 1995): 48-50. (James Hutchisson); [paper reissue] 28.2 (Fall 1997): 48. (Nancy Warner Barrineau)

Gogol, Miriam, ed. *Theodore Dreiser: Beyond Naturalism*. 27.1 (Spring 1996): 43-50. (Richard Lingeman)

Hapke, Laura, ed. *Daughters of the Great Depression: Women, Work, and Fiction in the American 1930s*. 27.1 (Spring 1996): 50-53. (Katherine Capshaw Smith)

Hussman, Lawrence E. *Harbingers of a Century: The Novels of Frank Norris*. 30.2 (Fall 1999): 58-61. (Shawn St. Jean)

Orlov, Paul. *An American Tragedy: The Perils of the Self Seeing "Success."* 29.1-2 (Spring/Fall 1998): 85-86. (John W. Reynolds)

Robertson, Michael. *Stephen Crane, Journalism, and the Making of Modern Literature*. 28.2 (Fall 1997): 44-47. (James Colvert)

Den Tandt, Christophe. *The Urban Sublime in American Literary Naturalism*. 30.2 (Fall 1999): 56-57. (Laura Hapke)

Tjader, Marguerite. *Love That Will Not Let Me Go: My Time With Theodore Dreiser*. Ed. Lawrence E. Hussman. 30.1 (Spring 1999): 49-51. (Donna Campbell)

West, James L. W., III, ed. *Dreiser's Jennie Gerhardt: New Essays on the Restored Text*. 27.1 (Spring 1996): 35-43. (Stephen C. Brennan)

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Colvert, James. Review: 28.2 (Fall 1997): 44-47.
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—Keith Newlin

Reviews

***Reading the Symptom: Theodore Dreiser, Frank Norris, and the Dynamics of Capitalism,* by Mohamed Zayani. New York: Peter Lang, 1999. 184 pp. Cloth $45.95.**

This new study will be of great interest to Dreiserians who chafe at the pro-consumerist readings yet position *Sister Carrie* within a capitalist ideology. Moving beyond "beyond naturalism," *Reading the Symptom* challenges two tenets: (1) that Dreiserian literary naturalism chronicles the determinism imposed by biology and society, nature and nurture, (2) that Dreiser is a capitalist apologist. Zayani defines his method as "reinscribing the logic of naturalism within the historical specificity of capitalism" (xii). To that end, he boldly redefines both naturalism and capitalism as deterministic only in the most volatile ways.

Zayani's capitalism eschews Walter Benn Michaels's unitary "gold standard" for a system of economic relations that is "convulsive" (18), characterized by what Althusser termed endless process and contradiction. Read within that context, *Sister Carrie*'s emphasis on monotony in and of an age of mechanical reproduction exists in tension with the restlessness, desire, and unsettled order of things erupting in the novel's adulteries, strikes, and financial reversals. Thus no Dreiserian character can experience content within a system that is inherently unstable and that exhibits such a twinned commodification of fantasy and lack of fulfillment. Insatiability of

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desire, whether embodied in the unlikely figure of Mrs. Hurstwood at the races or Carrie endlessly rocking back and forth in her chair, enacts the "very tautology of capitalism" (130): moving but going nowhere.

The most intriguing section of the Zayani book is the application of the theory of convulsive capitalism to the Dreiserian emphasis on reiterated labor, monotony, ceaseless metropolitan action, "the compulsion to repeat at the core of capitalism" (112). True to Zayani's goal of tracing the economic (the logic of capitalism) within the noneconomic (the logic of Dreiserian naturalism), he provides an analysis of *Sister Carrie* as a terrain of blurred and competing forces. (The Norris chapters ring changes on the capitalist instability argument by finding another set of movements that cannot be reduced to stasis.)

Parts of this book appeared in periodicals, as is common with scholarly projects. But if one also takes into account that *Reading the Symptom* has no index, there seems a certain unfinished quality. The introduction states brilliantly that the burgeoning industries, the crowds, even the many street lamps in the novel's early sections suggest Chicago's potential as well as a city caught up in "hysterical labor." Zayani continues, "The numerous images of renewal, investment, development, and expansion are impelled by the law of value; they are driven by the need to reinvest at the heart of capitalism" (18). Yet nowhere in the analysis of *Sister Carrie* does Zayani particularize a new, turn-of-the-century literary approach to the unsettledness of urban enterprise. How is Dreiser different from Balzac, say, or Dickens? In the lives of Carrie and Hurstwood, how can one discuss the cost of "renewal" and "reinvestment" in a way that satisfies the logic of American literary naturalism as well as that of unceasing American entrepreneurship?

Still, Zayani has ably continued the discussion on the intersection of Dreiser and capitalism, and for that we are in his debt.

—Laura Hapke, Pace University, Dyson College/New York City

***Mencken Revisited: Author, Editor & Newspaperman,* by S. L. Harrison. With a prologue by Russell Baker. Lanham, MD.: University Press of America, 1999. xvi, 128 pp. Paper $26.50.**

This slim volume comprises previously published essays by S. L. Harrison on the life, career, and legacy of H. L. Mencken. It begins with a previously published essay, entitled "Death in the Family," by Russell Baker, who offers a eulogy for the demise of Baltimore's *The Evening Sun*. A two-page introduction, a somewhat longer afterword, a chronological list of books either written solely by Mencken or co-written by him, and an index complete the book. In addition, some of

Harrison's essays include reprints of cartoons that accompanied Mencken's articles in *The Sun* or *The Evening Sun*.

Harrison's style of writing is journalistic, uncluttered by literary nomenclature and free of contemporary critical analysis. The first essay, "Meeting Mencken," is a memoir, in which Harrison recounts his upbringing in Baltimore and his early days in journalism. Another essay appears to be motivated by the controversy that arose and lingers after the lifting of restrictions on access to parts of Mencken's personal papers held by the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore. Specifically, the opening to researchers and the ultimate publication of Mencken's diaries generated a stream of criticism regarding his character, the most often-heard complaint being that Mencken was an anti-Semite. Harrison's self-appointed task is to convince potential readers not to ignore Mencken's work based on the proscriptions of contemporary political correctness. And to this end, many of the remaining essays suggest topics of interest for the journalism student, in particular. In fact, journalism—its history and current study and practice—is the focal point in Harrison's discussion of Mencken and his achievements: "Many of today's journalism faculty are as ignorant as the 'third-raters' Mencken castigated more than fifty years ago. Many know Mencken only as a name" (116).

In the first sentence of his introduction, the author states his purpose: "to provide an introduction to Henry Louis Mencken and to encourage a wider acquaintance for modern readers" (xi). In the afterword, however, Harrison appears defensive, claiming that the reader had been "forewarned" about the "modest" nature of this edition of essays. He acknowledges that his references to the secondary literature on Mencken are not exhaustive—perhaps not even comprehensive—and recognizes that some of his topics have been discussed more fully elsewhere. It is enough, Harrison argues, to pique readers' interest to "go seek additional sources" (113).

As an introduction to Mencken I have mixed reactions to *Mencken Revisited*. The essays are highly readable and are the work of a thoroughly knowledgeable scholar. They offer insights, therefore, to Mencken's career and personality that are stimulating. Read in one sitting, however, the background information becomes repetitive, and no in-depth information or insights are provided about contemporaries such as Theodore Dreiser. The inclusion of Edmund Duffy's cartoons is a great asset to the volume and uniquely conveys Mencken's time and the nature of journalism in his day. Some essays, however, seem an awkward mix of generalizing on background while being highly specific on Mencken or the details of some issue. My problem is that I wasn't always sure that parts of some essays would well serve as

introduction, while other parts of the same essays would be too general for the specialist. Overall, Harrison does offer analysis of important topics such as the "media circus" created by Mencken at the Scopes Trial or the issue of free speech and a free press in the United States, as well as some diverting glimpses into the personal life and habits of the man who doesn't "give a damn what any American thinks of me" (118).

—Nancy M. Shawcross, University of Pennsylvania

News & Notes

Donald Pizer and **Thomas P. Riggio** are working on a two volume edition of "new" Dreiser letters, that is, letters never before published. This is the first edition of Dreiser letters since Riggio's two-volume *Dreiser-Mencken Letters* (1986), and it is the first general collection of Dreiser letters since Robert Elias's 1959 three volume edition. Dreiser wrote around 20,000 letters of which only some 1300 have ever been published. Anyone who has any knowledge of the whereabouts of Dreiser letters—particularly those in private hands—should contact either Pizer (at Dept. of English, Tulane University, New Orleans, LA 70118;
dpizer@mailhost.tcs.tulane.edu) or Riggio (at either Dept. of English, University of Connecticut, Storrs, CT 06269 or Special Collections, Van Pelt Library, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA 19104; tpriggio@connix.com).

A new Special Centennial Edition of *Sister Carrie* was published in April under the Signet Classic imprint (New American Library). It has an introduction by **Richard Lingeman** and follows the 1900 Doubleday text. A new edition of *An American Tragedy* will be published by Signet Classic in August, also with an introduction by Lingeman. Both versions have new cover designs and are in mass paperback format. *Sister Carrie* sells for $5.95; *An American Tragedy* for $9.95. **Keith Newlin** and **Frederic E. Rusch's** *The Collected Plays of Theodore Dreiser* will be published in May by Whitston Publishing. The collection will provide newly edited versions of Dreiser's previously published plays complete with textual

commentary and apparatus; a first printing of a previously unpublished one-act play, *The Voice*; and essays on the composition and productions of the plays.

The University of Pennsylvania Library has been awarded a grant by the Concordia Foundation to create a web site for Theodore Dreiser based on the Library's extensive Dreiser holdings. This is a two-year project that will begin this fall, with an initial focus on *Sister Carrie* that will include encoded versions of the original 1900 text and the Penn Dreiser Edition text, correspondence surrounding the publication, and contextual essays along with photos and documents illustrative of the period, etc. Once the *Sister Carrie* site is completed, plans are to develop a similar site devoted to *An American Tragedy*. The web site will be free and open to all via the Library's web site:

http://www.library.upenn.edu/